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Original Poetry.

WHERE ART THOU.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY EDWARD J. PORTER.

You bade me watch the Springtide's bloom,
And ere its brightness passed away,
Unchanged as erst that thou would'st come
And list the bulbul's earliest lay.—
Yet I have wept each leaf's decay
That shone around young Spring's bright brow,
And mourned o'er Summer's latest ray
Yet sighed, still lonely, "where art thou?"

You took me to your favorite nook,
Where played the fountain's sparking shower,
And said ere Summer's sun would look
Into its tide thou'dst seek my bower,
But it has shrunk beneath the power
Of Summer's wildest noontide glow—
The Ice-king's breath—and Winter's hour
Have chilled its tide—yet where art thou!

The heart's bright hour of Spring is gone
With all the hopes that there took wing,
And now, that all have wildly flown,
It weeps above their withering;
Its fountain's tide no more may fling
Light spray into the sunbeam's glow—
The sun or shower no aid can bring
To leaf or wave—for where art thou!

Portland, Ala., 1843.

Original Novellette.

JONCE SMILEY;
The Boy Who Had No Friends.

CONTINUED.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY EZEKIEL JONES, ESQ, AUTHOR OF "TRUSTING APPEARANCES;" "KITTY CLARK, OR THE CHRISTMAS GIFT;" "THREE FOOLS IN A FAMILY."

CHAPTER THIRD.

IN WHICH DEACON ABIJAH UNDERWOOD MEETS SOMEBODY AS GOOD AS HIMSELF AT AN ARGUMENT; AND WHAT FOLLOWS THEREUPON.

The sun rose the next morning upon Hardscrabble just as calm as if Jonce Smiley had not been whipped, or Peltiah Perkins knocked in the head. And Peltiah Perkins's cow sauntered away as leisurely to her pasture, under the guidance of one of the little Perkinses, as if she had never been the cause and abettor of a great commotion in Hardscrabble. And Deacon Abijah Underwood was, as he had been on every pleasant morning for forty years, punctual as the sunrise upon the top of the little knoll behind his barn. Thence he watched the orb of day, first evident by the gliding of the dung-hill fowl, which served as a weather-vane, upon the steeple of the old "meeting house;" then diffusing golden light over the pleasant plain in which was situated the ancient settlement which is the scene of the opening of our veritable history.

The Deacon, despite his little eccentricities, and the whimsicalties of his character, was a good citizen, and a sincere Christian. The mind which could watch and love the kind manifestations of Supreme Benevolence, in the cheerful features of the creation which he who made it pronounced good, could not be insensible to the true and kindly influences of that religion which breathes "peace on earth, and good will to men." Doctrinal subtleties, might sometimes contract his brow; sectarian and other prejudices might occasionally lead him into theoretical illiberality; and the unlucky influences of his position might now and then betray him into practical injustice; but all the time he thought he was doing right, and earnestly labored and strove so to do.

Fresh from his untroubled sleep; placid in thought as the scene around him; grateful to Heaven for his happiness, as the little birds whose throats were bursting with their matin song; the old man scanned the prospect from the knoll as he had a thousand times done before, not in the expectation of seeing anything new, but silently to welcome to the light of day each object, so long familiar to his senses. He would have been pained, indeed, rather than pleased, at any change in the landscape—improvement would have seemed an intrusion—a foreign daub introduced by an enemy into the picture. That is not the way he would have expressed it, for beyond the Washington with his nose beaten out by the weather, upon his tavern sign, the Deacon knew nothing of pictures. The print of John Rodgers at the stake, with his nine small children, their tears being prominent as ordnance balls in the picture, was, to him, the very perfection of art. Of poetry, beyond Watts's simple and beautiful lyrics, he knew nothing, as a mode of expression. No heathen images of Aurora, and Hesperus came to his mind at morn and eve, no fawns and satyrs haunted his thickets and meadows, no images borrowed from mythology aided his thoughts. Still had he the true innate feeling and inspiration of poetry—the elevation of thought from earth to Heaven, the suggestion of the Creator in the creatures of his hand. He felt the holy enthusiasm of the Psalmist, when with pious David he exclaimed, "Great and manifold are thy works; in wisdom hast thou made them all!"

Suddenly the apparition of some unexpected object broke his reverie. "Well, I declare!" he exclaimed—"why no it ain't—and yes it is too, as sure as my name is 'Bije Underwood!" and clapping the hat upon his head, which he had held in his hand that his temples might be fanned by the morning breeze, the Deacon stumped briskly down the hill, and met the Emigrant, just as he had turned, on foot, up to the house, and was about to apply for admittance. The Deacon commenced the conversation:

"There haint no accident nor nothing happened to you I hope?" The good old man had forgotten entirely the unkind thoughts against the stranger with which, in common with all the village, he let him depart on the previous day.

The Emigrant shook his head. The Deacon had by this time filled a brimming mug of cider, which he pressed upon the stranger, while he pursued his enquiry.

"You ain't lost nothing, nor left nothing behind you—and nothing has been stole I do trust, in Hardscrabble. But that there dumb Jonce Smiley"—

"No, no!" said the stranger, a little impatiently as he set down the mug, to the contents of which, as was the ante-breakfast custom in those days, he had done justice. The Deacon put away the drinking cup, with a true landlord's eye to business, and, apparently lost in wonder at the Emigrant's return, pushed his half questioning remarks:

"But you are out early, and afoot, and on the back track too—it beats me out and out to know what it can be for."

"That is just what I've come to tell you; and I come early because I've a long journey to go, and no time to spare, and because I did want to see you alone. I come afoot to spare my horse with his day's work before him. I don't mind a six mile walk, and a merciful man is merciful to his beast you know."

The stranger had, with Yankee shrewdness blocked up all chances for farther cross-questioning, and the Deacon had nothing to do, but to sit as patiently as he could, and listen. The stranger resumed:

"Well, its about that boy, Jonce, or Jonathan Smiley"—

"*Possible!*" ejaculated the Deacon, in undisguised wonder. "And you've walked clear back to Hardscrabble, at this time in the morning, to say that!"

The stranger merely nodded in answer to the interruption, and proceeded. "You've seen more of the lad than I have, but a man can sometimes guess as much in half an hour, as he could see in half a life time. His mother is a poor widow woman, and I judge you'll agree with me that the boy will never come to nothing, if he stays rampaging about here, and taking his own head in every thing."

"That's just the conclusion I'd come to," said the Deacon, now beginning to feel his official importance, "and I was just going to have something done about it this very day."

"Yes," said the other, "but what kind of a something? I heard you talk yesterday about the workhouse, or the county jail. Is that doing justly as you'd be done by? Now, allowing you had a son, a little bit wild or so, is that the way you'd thank any body for curing him for you?"

The muscles about the Deacon's eyes twitched a little, while the Emigrant waited for his answer. The Deacon spoke, but evaded the question by another: "But where is the creature? Does anybody know, I wonder? We hunted high and low last night, and could'nt find hide nor hair of him, and his mother went away from here in a terrible taking. I wonder if she found him to home?"

"No," answered the Emigrant.

"*Possible!* I wonder if he *dared* to stay out all night! Well, there are some children who beat all for wickedness. To torment his mother, and the whole town so! It's right down wicked! But I guess you could tell us some news if you would."

Without heeding this sagacious peradventure the stranger answered, "*Dared* to stay away! Would a dumb beast *dare* to keep out of the reach of kicks and cuffs if he could, and shall not a reasonable creature dare to keep whole bones in his skin if he knows enough to try! Why Deacon, I don't suppose you can see it, and I don't believe that *you* would wrong a fly if you knew it; but that child has been abused here beyond all account; and the very mother that bore him, has had her ears filled till she's e'en-a-most lost all natural affection."

The Deacon shook his head. "He's a bad boy—a dreadful bad boy—terribly opstropolous. And to crown all, to think of his e'en just killing Peltiah Perkins. What a dreadful thing that would have been, if his strength had been as good as his will! But I reckon, talking about filling ears, that he's put something into your'n besides cotton-wool."

"Deacon Underwood, that boy hasn't often had a chance to speak to any body that would hark to his story, I reckon, by the way he talked to me. And it isn't his tongue alone that is his witness. The whole of his body, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, is one black and blue spot; and the wales on his back are as thick as my thumb, and as close together as the hoops on your cider barrel."

"Peltiah Perkins did thrash him peskily, that's a fact," said the Deacon.

"He beat him like a brute—worse than a brute. And, after all, Deacon, it wasn't him that was to blame about the cow, I do believe, and I know he didn't throw the stone. He was on the left hand side of Peltiah Perkins, over the fence, and it don't stand to reason that he could fling a rock, and hit him on the right side of his head. I took notice of that last night, and he declares by all that's good and great he didn't do it."

Little Margaret was called. A kind question or two from the Emigrant, and an approving look from the Deacon brought out the whole truth. It was hard to decide which was best pleased with the Deacon's admissions in favor of Jonce, Margaret or the stranger. Her story finished, Margaret hastened away, lest the treble screech of her mistress should be ringing through the house for her; but where Jonce, and Jonce kindly spoken of, was the theme of the discourse, she would gladly have listened to the last, if she had dared. But the acquittal of Jonce while it really gratified the Deacon, placed him in a quandary. He knew the bitterness of his wife, the "power behind his throne" against the lad; he knew the general tenor of public opinion, as he had aided to form it against Jonce; and he knew that to throw the Perkinses into the wrong, and to show that they had abused poor Jonce would make that strong party in the Hardscrabble body politic more the poor boy's enemies more than ever. "What shall I do with him?" at length he asked. "As you say, he will never come to anything in this place."

"I'll take him," said the stranger.

"*You?*"

"Yes. Just now, as overseer of the poor, you was going to send him to the workhouse. You don't want to do that now. Send for his mother, bind him out to me, and I'll take him West, and make a man of him."

The Deacon deliberated within himself. At length he said, hesitatingly—"Mister—er—I don't so much as know your name"—

"Berry."

"Mr. Berry, I do know your name now, but I don't know no more about your character than about the man in the moon." The Deacon took a turn or two about the room, and offering his hand to the stranger pressed it warmly, and continued: "Last night, if a parcel of Ishmaelites had come along, I do believe the Lord might have left me in my sin, to sell that boy to go down into Egypt—but the truth is, you've touched and reprimanded me. You've put the lash on the raw pretty smart once this morning, without knowing it. I *have* a son of my own—my only child, and Heaven only knows how *he* will end. But," said the Deacon, dashing away a tear with the back of his hand, "we'll let that go. I believe you're a right up and down good man, and I'd put my own life and happiness in your hands without a doubt, if so be it was necessary. But God is the judge between me and this poor boy, and you have been the means, in his hands, of opening my eyes to my responsibilities, and my heart to pity."

The stranger mused a moment.

"If you could only go with me to the next village—"

"Sartainly I can!" said the Deacon, his face at once lighting up, "and just as sartainly I will. I'll have the horse put into my wagon, and after breakfast we'll drive down there, a little quicker than you walked up; and Mrs. Smiley shall go along, too, and poor little Jonce shall have one kind word from her to take West with him, any how. I reckon you mean to give me a reference, of course; but that's between you and me and him. It's reason enough for me to drive down to bring back Ma'am Smiley."

A messenger was forthwith despatched for Mrs. Smiley, and in a few moments all was arranged, as far as her consent was concerned. She hurried home to pack poor Jonce's little effects, and left the Deacon and her boy's new master to finish their breakfast, and call for her with the wagon. At breakfast, Mrs. Underwood could not help wishing Mr. Berry joy of his Jonce, whereat Mr. Berry smiled and the Deacon bit his nether lip. But Mr. B. was not swayed by trifles, and Deacon Underwood had heard his wife talk before.

They were seated in the wagon. Margaret ran out, placed a parcel in Mr. Berry's hand, and had just time to say, "It's for *him!*" when "Margaret! you Margaret!" came from the house in Mrs. Underwood's well known falsetto. As the wagon rolled from the door the little girl ran back into the house, and bent all her thoughts to her mistress's requirements. She struggled hard, and conquered her feelings for the hour; but at the first pause in her daily work, she slipped out to the trysting place beneath the tree—the spot where accident had decided *Jonce's* future fortune. There she cried till her little senses were so confused that she fancied Jonce, too, was present, and crying on the other side of the fence. "Margaret! you Margaret!" again pursued her, and hastily drying her eyes, the little true lover—none the less true that she was little—hastened to repair by her diligence the whole hour she had lost. In certain kind of tears, as well as in joy, time flies apace.

CHAPTER FOURTH.

IN WHICH OUR HERO SHOWS THAT HE KNEW NOT ON WHICH SIDE HIS BREAD WAS BUTTERED.

The West! Where is it? Once bounded by the limits of the Atlantic States, then as new State after State was formed, limited by the Mississippi, it is now bounded only by the Pacific. At the time of our tale, however, the Great West, comparatively little of it as had been settled, seemed more vast than at present; for while no one dreamed of the Oregon as a practicable place of settlement, the continent seemed boundless, and the expectations of those who tempted this wilderness in pursuit of a better change in their condition, were as vast and as vague as their ideas of the territory upon which they entered. Nor were these great expectations to be tested without great sacrifices. No railroads made the desire to travel and the accomplishment efforts of mind and body almost simultaneous. The canal had not intersected the country with its easy and cheap means of conveyance. Turnpikes even were almost unknown, and through tracts of country where thousands of travellers now rush with almost the lightning's speed, the emigrant laboriously worked his way through what were barely paths through the forest, in which the blow of his own axe might not unfrequently be necessary to facilitate his progress. Men departed for the newer New World, as for a country where children might be born to them, whose children would perhaps find the comforts of civilized life coming out to them in the desert. If many of these pioneers have found themselves surrounded with more dense neighborhoods than they dared hope their grandchildren would live among, it was more than the most sanguine prophets among them would have ventured to predict.

Jonce Smiley was not man enough to think very definitely of the future—but, child like, despite of his bruises he slept comfortably in the assurance that he should be able at least to turn himself in the morning, before his old tormentors would get hold of him. He did not dream of what the kind emigrant proposed to do for him, but vague visions crossed his slumbers of glorious freedom—of a country where there would be no Peltiah Perkins, and no son John, the latter to do mischief, and the former to punish Jonce for John's misdoings. He had heard of the West as a place where there were no people, and as his notions of population were estimated by the number of their shoe soles,—(boots in those days were not so common) he thought that land a paradise, where the pedal tally of the numbers of the inhabitants would not be marked upon his flesh, at a faster rate than one to each four and twenty hours. He dreamed of picking up cents without having them forcibly taken from him; and of sundry other things, which once in his hands, he could have a property in, undisputed, because there should be none to dispute with him. He dreamed too, of going to bed without having his ears cuffed; and as he had, on the night of his hegira from Hardscrabble actually once enjoyed this happiness, it is not to be wondered that so strange a thing should occur to him in a vision.

But alas for Jonce! Dreams of happiness, to the poor and weary, are "through by daylight." Jonce waked to a sort of indefinite surprise as to where he could be, and how he came there. As he sprang from the bed a dull ache or two in different parts of his mauled body recalled him to himself. Jonce sighed, and descended to take such steps for the future as chance or circumstance might dictate—but upon one thing he determined with the first fresh breath of the morning—he would not return to Hardscrabble. His first impulse was to run away from his present friend and protector; then he recollected that he could just as well take leave of, and thank him; as, he could conceive no motive why the emigrant should wish to detain or control him; and the unlucky boy really felt grateful, deeply, heartily grateful to the man who had pitied, and the woman who had bathed his bruises. Children quick form attachments where they meet kind treatment; and Jonce Smiley was already more attached to the children—nay to the very dog of the emigrant, than to any living thing in Hardscrabble. Perhaps he did remember his mother—but it was more as a duty than a pleasure that he thought even of her.

Upon enquiring for the emigrant, and finding him absent, his misgivings returned—nor were they at all abated when the emigrant's wife told him with a smile that her husband was gone back to Hardscrabble "to see about him." All Jonce's ideas ran in one painful channel, and whenever any one had promised to "see about him," it had usually ended in an operation which made him "feel about him" as if he had been rolled down hill in a barrel, with its sides full of nails, points inward. Nevertheless, Jonce ate a hearty share of the emigrant family's breakfast; for to be in what is familiarly denominated a "tight place" was no new thing to him; and he ate with a glorious appetite, holding himself ready to digest his food by such precautionary activity as the return of the emigrant might render necessary.

Breakfast was finished; the horse was harnessed, the ready assistance of Jonce being watched by the mother, with an interest which he would have better understood, if he had known as much of what had been resolved upon in relation to him, as the woman did, and the reader does. But as boys are usually supposed to have no business to know what most concerns themselves, Mrs. Berry had not troubled herself to tell our hero what were the kind intentions of her husband.

Jonce had adjusted the last buckle in the harness, and tied the last bit of cord which had taken the place of the part of the gear which had disappeared by friction, when he caught sight, on the road, of the Deacon's horse and wagon. Jonce had good occasion to remember old Roan, for once upon a time, when the Deacon's own son had rode that horse into a sweat (unparalleled event!) Jonce had been punished for it, the good Deacon fully believing, upon the assurances of the son aforesaid, that it was Jonce's work. He remembered the Deacon's wagon, too, as part of its history had been scored upon his hide upon a recent occasion, when John Perkins and others had taken a fancy to put the hind wheels into the pond, one fore wheel into the Deacon's pew in the meeting house, and the other in the master's chair in the town school house. These tricks done by night were of course attributed to poor Jonce, and he had been compelled to atone for them.

As the wagon drew near, Jonce discerned the Deacon, the Emigrant and Mrs. Smiley, his honored mother. What they intended to do for him, he could not precisely determine; but as he was naturally suspicious that they would not make him cry for joy, he was determined that they should not make him cry at all, if he could help it. So, though he saw them, they did not see him, for he took good care to conceal himself before the wagon drove up to the door. Experience in dodging had given him tact, and he pursued the safe plan of hiding himself as near as possible to the spot at which the search would commence. He crouched down under the stone wall which separated the tavern yard from the kitchen garden and watched the proceedings.

He saw the Deacon introduced by the Emigrant to the inn-keeper, who appeared to be an old acquaintance and friend of the former. He saw that they kept up what appeared to him to be a satisfied conversation; and then he saw his mother, the Deacon and the Emigrant repair to the house. Through the open window, by creeping near it, he saw a paper produced from the Deacon's pocket, and signed by the whole three, and this proceeding finished, as they came out of doors, he hurried back to his hiding-place. Poor Jonce! He had a superstitious horror of papers—particularly in the hands of the Deacon—for he believed that with pen and ink the terrible Deacon could do more than Faustus was reputed to do with ink and type. That his mother should be of the party did not surprise him; but that the Emigrant, came into what he deemed a plot against him, grieved him much. He concluded that the world must be one large Hardscrabble, and that all hands were fated to be turned against him. Of the nature of the paper, which was a mere indenture, between his mother and the Deacon on one part, and and the Emigrant on the other; and which, for completion, wanted his name, he had no idea.

"Where is the lad?" said the Deacon, as he came out of the house.

"Jonathan! Jonathan!" called his mother. But Jonce who had been so long the answering proxy for others, let echo be *his* proxy, and echo's answers are never very satisfactory.

"This is bad," said Mr. Berry, "for I long to be on my way." As he placed a foot upon the wall, to rest his elbow on his knee, a stone fell—Jonce's head escaped by just a quarter of an inch, and he was on his legs, and darting through the tavern keeper's standing corn like Sampson's foxes, or like a beast through a cane-brake, in less than an instant.

"Jonathan!" shouted the Emigrant.

"No you don't!" said Jonce to himself, as he gathered over ground like a race horse.

"Jonce! Jonce my boy!" cried the Deacon in a loud but kind tone after the fugitive.

"You caught me with fair words *once*,"—said Jonce to himself, "but the same cretur isn't caught twice in the same trap."

Pursuit, the Deacon knew was hopeless, and the Emigrant could not long delay. So after an hour's fruitless waiting for the run-away to return, the Emigrant took his weary road, as much grieved as if he had lost one of his own family, and the Deacon and Mrs. Smiley turned back to Hardscrabble, the latter wondering, as she alternately cried and scolded, how the boy could treat his mother so. The Deacon said nothing; nor did he feel quite so much surprised, or so much anger against poor Jonce, as he might have felt, under similar circumstances on the day before.

Poor Jonce! He had then refused to launch upon the very tide which might have borne him on to fortune! But how could he have known that!

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

From the Magazines

FROM GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE, FOR JUNE.

SONNETS
ON THE LORD'S PRAYER.
Dedicated to Rev. Edmund Neville.

BY JUDGE CONRAD.

I. *Our Father.*

Our Father! Holiest name, first, fondest, best!
Sweet is the murmured music of the vow
When young love's kiss first prints the maiden's brow!
But sweeter, to a father's yearning breast,
His blue-eyed boy's soft prattle. This is love!
Pure as the streamlets that distil through mountains,
And drop, in diamonds, in their cavern'd fountains;
Warm as our heart-drops; truth as truth above.
And is such Thine? For whom? For all—ev'n me!
Thou to whom all that is which sight can reach
It is but a sand-grain on the ocean beach
Of being! Down my soul! it cannot be!
But He hath said! Up, soul, unto His throne!
Father, "our Father," bless and save Thine own!

II. *Who art in Heaven.*

Who art in Heaven! Thou know'st nor mete nor bound.
Thy presence is existence. 'Neath thine eye,
Systems spring forth, revolve, and shine—and die;
Ev'n as, to us, within their little round,
The bright sands in the eddying hill-side spring
Sparkle and pass forever down the stream.
Slow-wheeling Saturn, of the misty beam,
Circles but atoms with his mighty wing;
And bright-eyed Sirius, but a sentry, glows
Upon the confines of infinity.
Where Thou art not, ev'n Nothing cannot be!
Where Thy smile is, is Heaven; where not—all woes,
Sin's chaos and its gloom. Grant Thy smile be
My light of life, to guide me up to Thee!

III. *Hallowed be Thy name.*

Hallowed be Thy name! In every clime,
'Neath every sky! Or in this smiling land,
Where Vice, bold brow'd, and Craft walk hand in hand,
And varnish'd Seeming gives a grace to crime;
Or in the howling wild, or on the plain,
Where Pagans tremble at their rough-hewn God;
Wherever voice hath spoke, or foot hath trod;
Sacred Thy name! Thy skeptic wild and vain,
Rous'd from his rosy joys the Osmanlite;
The laughing Ethiop; and the dusk Hindoo,
Thy sons of every creed, of every hue;
Praise Thee! Nor Earth alone. Each star of night
Join in the choir! till Heaven and Earth acclaim—
Still, and forever, Hallowed be Thy name!

IV. *Thy kingdom come.*

Thy kingdom come! Speed, angel wings, that time!
Then, known no more the guile of gain, the leer
Of lewdness, frowning power, or pallid fear,
The shriek of suffering or the howl of crime!
All will be Thine—all blest! Thy kingdom come!
Then in Thy arms the sinless earth will rest,
As smiles the infant on its mother's breast
The dripping bayonet and the kindling drum
Unknown—for not a foe; the thong unknown—
For not a slave; the cells, o'er which Despair
Flaps its black wing and fans the sigh swoll'n air,
Deserted! Night will pass, and hear no groan;
Glad Day look down nor see nor guilt nor guile
And all that Thou hast made reflect Thy smile!

V. *Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.*

Thy will be done on earth as 't is in heaven!
That will which chords the music-moving spheres,
With harmonies unheard by mortal ears,
And, losing which, our orb is jarred and riven
Ours a crush'd harp! Its strings by tempests shaken;
Swept by the hand of sin, its guilty tones
Startle the spheres with discord and with groans!
By virtue, peace, hope—all but Thee—forsaken!
Oh, be its chords restrung! Thy will be done!
Mysterious law! Our griefs approve that will!
For as shades haunt the night, grief follows ill;
And bliss tends virtue, as the day the sun,
Homage on earth, as 'tis on high, be given
For when Thy will is done, then earth is heaven!

VI. *Give us this day our daily bread.*

Give us this day our daily bread! Thou art
Lord of the harvest. Thou hast taught the song
Sung by the rill the grassy vale along;
And 't is Thy smile, when Summer's zephyrs start,
That makes the wavy wheat a sea of gold!
Give me to share thy boon! No miser hoard
I crave; no splendor; no Apician board;
Freedom, and faith, and food—and all is told
I ask no more. But spare my brethren! they
Now beg, in vain, to toil; and cannot save
Their wan-eyed lov'd ones, sinking to the grave
Give them their daily bread! How many pray,
Alas, in vain, for food! Be Famine fed;
And give us, Lord, this day, our daily bread!

VII. *Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us.*

Forgive our trespasses, as we forgive
Those who against us trespass! Though we take
Life, blessings, promis'd heaven, from Thee; we make
Life a long war 'gainst Him in whom we live!
Pure once; now like the Cities of the Plain
A bitter sea of death and darkness rolls
Its heavy waves above our buried souls.
Yet wilt Thou raise us to the light again.
Worms as we are, if we forgive the worm
That grovels in our way. How light the cost
And yet how hard the task! For we are lost
In sin. Do thou my soul uphold and form!
Bankrupt and lost to all but hope and Thee:
Teach me to pardon; and oh, pardon me!

VIII. *And lead us not into temptation.*

Lead us not in temptation! The earth's best
Find, but in flight, their safety; and the wise
Shun, with considerate steps, its Basilisk eyes.
Save us from Pleasure, with the heaving breast
And unbound zone; from Flattery's honeyed tongue;
Avarice, with golden palm and icy heart;
Ambition's marble smile and earthy art;
The rosy cup where aspic death is hung!
Better the meal of pulse and bed of stone,
And the calm safety of the Anchorite,
Than aught that life can give of wild and bright.
Be thou my joy, my hope, my strength alone!
Save from the tempter! Should he woo to ill,
Be thou my rock, my shield, my safety still!

IX. *But deliver us from evil.*

Deliver us from evil! Hapless race!
Our life a shadow and our walk a dream
Our gloom a fate, our joy a fitful gleam;
Where is our hope but Thee! Oh give us grace
To win thy favor! Save from loud voic'd Wrong;
And creeping Craft! Save from the hate of foes;
The treachery of friends; the many woes,
Which, to the clash of man with man, belong!
Save those I love from want, from sickness, pain!
And—spared that pang of pangs—oh let me die
Before, for them a tear-drop fills my eye;
And dying, let me hope to meet again!
Oh, save me from myself! Make me and mine,
In life and spirit, ever, only, Thine!

X. *For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever, Amen.*

Thine is the kingdom, power and glory! Thine
A kingdom, based on past eternity,
So vast, the pond'rous thought—could such thought be—
Would crush the mind: a power that wills should shine
A million worlds; they shine—should die; they die
A glory to the which the sun is dim;
And from whose radiance e'en the seraphim,
Heaven-born, must veil the brow and shade the eye!
And these are Thine, forever! Fearful word,
To us, the beings of a world of graves
And minutes! Yet Thy cov'nant promise saves
Our trust is in Thee, Father, Saviour, Lord!
Holy, thrice holy, Thou! Forever, then,
Be kingdom, power and glory Thine! Amen.

☞ A pert young upstart, while riding in a stage, was attempting to ridicule the Bible; and rudely accosting an aged Quaker at his side, on the great improbability that the stone from David's sling should have killed Goliah, said to him, "What do you think about it, old Daddy?" "I think, friend," replied the Quaker, "he had no difficulty at all in killing Goliah, *if his head was as soft as thine!*"

FROM GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK FOR JUNE.

THE MOURNING RING.

BY H. HASTINGS WELD.

CHAPTER I.

THE OMNIBUS.

The clear sky at noon—beg pardon of the sky for supposing it out of fashion—we mean of morning, had tempted out the modish butterflies in clouds; and Broadway presented a moving panorama of the gay and beautiful. Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like these; and the splendors of Tyrian purple are outdone in elegance by the walking costume of the daughters of republican America.

A distant rumble, and the affrighted fair were hurried from the majesty of a stately promenade into a quicker walk. Soon the dust rose in clouds—the wind discomposed at a puff all that the patience of hours at the toilet had accomplished. The sky was overcast. Big drops of rain mocked the insufficient shelter of the parasol, and then in a calm, as if the earth held its breath to receive the bath, down came the rain in torrents. Among those caught in the shower, one lady dressed in the extreme of fashion, cast an imploring look at a passing omnibus. It had but one vacant seat, but, for a miracle, half a dozen hands were raised at once, to pull the signal strap, and stop the stage. People safely sheltered usually make it a point of honor not to notice the distress and perplexities of less fortunate pedestrians in a shower, but in this instance the Porcine code of the omnibus was forgotten.

Nay, more—the passengers were exuberant—almost oppressive in their politeness. One insisted on holding her parasol, that the water might not drop from it upon her dress—the lady was conducted to the dryest place in the carriage, and her fringes and furbelows were gathered up for her—all of which attention she received as a matter of course, scarce thanking the officious gentlemen with a gracious look and almost visiting upon them the discomposure with which the weather had afflicted her. Another face presented itself at the door. "Go on, driver! You are full!" And yet it was a female face, too. Why would those who had waited upon one lady with so much eagerness, leave another of her sex in the middle of the street, ankle deep in mud and water? Why? She was not fashionable—not even in the last year's fashion; and, if the truth must be said, she was not so much as tolerably well dressed. "There are differences, look you," as Parson Hugh hath it.

"Come in, child," said one of the passengers, a benevolent, and *rather* old gentleman—"Come in! Any port in a storm!" He seated her upon his knee—the lady bridled—the child, she was no more, though her face showed that she had cares beyond her years—could see no impropriety in accepting the courtesy of a man apparently old enough to be her grandfather. If she had scruples, however, the rain left her no choice. The young men began to cast very "knowing" glances at her, but her protector calmly gave his eyes a tour of observation round the vehicle, which at once put down all their glances. Still the lady minced, and looked from time to time superciliously and with a great deal of the appearance of outraged propriety over her shoulder. The girl wore nothing but a shilling calico; and, what was conclusive against her "respectabily," she had a basket upon her arm!

The coach had reached the head of one of the unfashionable streets, in which the poor pay more rent than the wealthy do for their palaces. The child pulled at the string once, but the driver did not notice it. Nobody assisted her, for her only friend could not reach the strap while she sat upon his knee. She tugged at it again,—the vehicle stopped—she pushed her way timidly out, amid knees which seemed more than ever angular and protuberant, was half drowned in the gutter to begin with, and ran home in a pelting shower.

The lady but raised the tip of her finger a few minutes afterwards, and three gentlemen caught hold of the signal string together.

"Do you alight here, ma'am?" one of them inquired.

"My house is a few steps farther down, but"—

"Driver, can't you turn a step or two out of your way?" one asked, and all assented in the implied request. The stage turned, and the omnibus drew up at the door of a princely mansion. A servant came out with an umbrella, and the lady was safely conducted within her own door.

* * * * * * *

"Dear! How you are wet, child!" cried an old woman in a tremulous voice, as the sewing girl entered her poor but neat apartment. The grandmother—for that was her relation to our young friend—did not rise to meet her as she entered, for she had not risen unassisted for many months—she was palsied. Mary busied herself at once in attending to her grandmother's comforts, and then, upon the old lady's insisting upon it, she heeded her own. And then, over their frugal cup of hot water, sparingly tinctured with the Chinese weed, the two compared notes upon family expenses. After the purchase of a few necessaries, which she had brought in her basket, Mary had remaining a half dollar, less the sixpence which she had paid for her ride. Miss Modiste, from Paris, for whom she had toiled beyond twelve on the night preceding, could not pay her. She was sure that girls should be willing to wait a day or two for their money, in such times, when they were fortunate to find work at all. The lady for whom the dress was made owed the milliner a hundred dollars; and if Miss Modiste could wait weeks for that sum, she was sure that Mary could wait days for a few shillings. All this Miss Modiste delivered with a voluble and rapid English accent which showed that she was *from* Paris—very far from it, but no further than she always had been. But then what could a fashionable milliner do, without the name of the capital of the world of fashion in her advertisement! Mary almost sighed aloud as she withdrew from the shop, to be driven by the storm into the same stage with the very garment for the making of which *she* was unpaid; to see the wearer treated with overstrained civility, and herself almost shut into the street in a drenching rain.

It was Saturday night. Mary thanked God that she was still above starvation, and concealed from her grandmother the partial despondence which she could not help feeling. She checked the desire to repine, until, in the calm twilight of a beautiful evening which had succeeded the shower, her thoughts were schooled into absolute and heartfelt gratitude. The morrow, welcomed in such a frame of mind, she felt must be a happy day.

But Mary's happiness was short-lived. She had intended a surprise for her dear old relative, and as she prepared to enjoy it with her, her pleasure was damped with surprise of another color. Age is peevish, and the approach of dotage brings unreasonable whims. Mary and her grandmother had not always been poor. The old lady was, before her later infirmity, which made her taciturn, garrulous upon her happy days—first, when a husband and a son made her former residence in New York delightful—then of her removal to the South, where in that sunny clime her every wish was answered by affectionate servants. And in this part of her narrative, Mary's memory of her infancy could assist her—for none can recollect more vividly the comforts of childhood in competence, than those whose maturer years are fated to fall in penury.

The last stage of these days of ease was when, returned to New York after the death of her second husband, Mrs. Haynes vested under the advice of a friend all that was left to her in a then profitable stock. The fearful tornado which is too well remembered and too deeply felt by many of our readers, swept away the dependence of the widow and the orphan. They were compelled to retire from the circle in which they had moved, and were soon forgotten.

Mary, in their destitution, turned the knowledge of needlework which the oldfashioned and wise-fashioned educational notions of her grandmother had given her, to good account. It was well that adversity rather strengthened than broke down her young mind; for it had nearly prostrated her grandmother, and an attack of palsy completed the wreck. The newspapers speak of "commercial embarrassments," of cent per cent, and of financial operations checked or ruined by the almost universal failure of corporate credit, and breaches of moral honesty—but these are nothing in the catalogue of woe that follows. It is bad when the broker cannot pay his "differences," but oh, it is worse when the widow cannot pay for her bread. It is bad when the merchant's note is dishonored; but it is worse when the broken faith of those in whom the fatherless trusted breaks the heart of the indigent inheritors of straw and stubble, where they had fancied gold was hoarded.

Bit by bit their mementoes of other days, their once indispensable comforts, had been wrested from them. But there was one trifle to which the widow clung as with her life. It was a mourning ring, the gift of her son, Mary's father, upon the death of her first husband. When the second bridal took place the ring was lost sight of. It laid perdue till the presence of her second husband no longer kept her heart from the grave of the first. When the second was also laid in the earth, her heart returned to her first love, memory recurring only to the second husband as to a kind friend. And Mary's father, whom she also wept as no more,—her first and only child,—he too spake through his orphan daughter to her heart. The mourning ring came out from its concealment, and had been worn for many years, as an indispensable part of the old lady's toilet.

Age, as we have remarked, has unreasonable whims. Mrs. Haynes in competence, when the expense of such an alteration would not have been inquired, did not think of having a lock of her son's hair inwoven in the brooch with that of her husband. Now, that every penny was counted and saved for absolute necessaries, she wished aloud a thousand times that the hair of her son should be braided in the trinket with that of the father. Hours she would sit and look at the finger on which she wore the precious relic, having apparently no thought for any other object—no interest in anything else. Ever anxious to make her aged relative comfortable, Mary at length proposed to the old lady to take the ring to a jeweller's. In the melancholy seclusion and poverty in which the old lady lived, the outside world was to her one dark Egypt, to which Mary went only to procure bread and return; and Jacob did not stipulate more earnestly for the safety of Benjamin than did Mrs. Haynes for the safety of the ring; and the brethren of Benjamin did not promise more confidently than Mary did that all should be well. That very evening she had procured it from the jeweller's, she was about to crown the old lady's melancholy happiness by returning it to her, when the poor child discovered that it was lost!

Fortunately, as Mary had intended to surprise her with the trinket that evening, the grandmother did not once mention it. A long hour of anxiety it caused poor Mary. She even lay awake waiting for the dreaded question, which she could not answer. But sleep must visit the weary; and Mary was insensible to trouble and to sorrow, and back in her dreams to the dimly remembered but happy days of childhood, long before the brilliant lights in the house of her fashionable fellow passenger of the omnibus gave any token of the close of a fashionable evening.

Mrs. Meredith, the lady whose retreat to the omnibus we have recorded, was on the point of retiring for the night when Betty her maid brought her *the* ring. The footman said that a gentleman had just called with it, supposing Mrs. Meredith had dropped it in the omnibus. It was a lady's ring, and he remembered no other lady. A girl in a homespun gown could not of course lost such a trinket; and indeed the gentleman did not remember that any such person was his fellow-passenger.

"The ring is none of mine, Betty."

"So I thought, mawm. You can't want no such trumpery as this, mawm. Where shall I put it, if you please, mawm?"

"I'm sure I don't care what becomes of it," yawned the lady.

Betty did—for with all her depreciation of the article, Betty had quite a weakness for jewelry, and the result of her presenting it to her mistress had been just as she had hoped. It was packed in cotton in a pill-box, and deposited in Betty's trunk within the half hour, and Mrs. Meredith thought no more about it.

CHAPTER II.

WHERE HAVE I SEEN THAT FACE BEFORE?

"I wish, Mary, you would manage to bring home that mourning-ring to-night," said old Mrs. Haynes, as her grand-daughter tied on her hat on Monday morning.

Poor Mary! She did not know how to prevaricate, and, if she had known, she felt aware that prevarication would only delay the discovery that must be made after awhile. She only sighed, and dared not turn her head toward the old lady.

"Well, I suppose you could get it," pursued her grandmother, "if it was not for that woman that don't pay her bill. I don't see why people don't pay their bills—I always did."

Little did they know in what manner Mrs. Meredith did stand in the way of the return of the trinket. Mary placed her grandmother's frugal dinner within her reach, and putting her own in her reticule, hurried out. She was a different looking lassie from the storm-draggled maiden of the preceding Saturday. She was care-worn and pale, it is true, but the inquietude which sat upon her countenance made it even more interesting. Her raven curls dropped in natural ringlets upon her neck, harmonized with her brilliant, though sunken eyes—unnaturally brilliant. For, when adversity forces young women into a struggle with the world, out of their gentle sphere, and beyond their strength, the exertions which at last enfeeble and prostrate them, give them at first unnatural mental and physical strength, and light the eye while the heart may be ready to flag. Mary was not what is styled "beautiful." There was nothing winning in her appearance, but at the same time there was nothing of that carelessness of personal attire which, too often for their personal appearance, attends the dispirited poor. Far removed from coquetry or desire to attract attention, her dress and person still bespoke all that care, cleanliness and attention could do for her toilet; and if her *tout ensemble* did not at once strike the spectator with its elegance, it left an impression which would at once give the observer, upon the second meeting, the vague recollection of having before met the orphan child.

She encountered her friend of the omnibus. It was on her lips to ask him if he had seen her lost treasure. She even stopped, and was upon the point of addressing him, when the ill-concealed smiles of the other men in the stage, and the open superciliousness of the one woman crossed her mind. Pure in thought as a babe, it now for the first time crossed her mind that it might have been something more than the mean appearance of her clothing which caused the half contempt and complete insult which she had experienced on Saturday, while accepting what seemed to her the simple and well-timed kindness of a stranger. Then, with her natural frankness, she was about to say something to him in apology, or in explanation of—she knew not what—and then, quick as a flash, she thought that if any thing were wrong, this would only make it worse. She blushed, hung her head, and passed on.

The gentleman looked after her. "Where have I seen that face before?" he asked himself. The incident in the omnibus did not occur to him, and if it had he would hardly have thought of Mary in that connection, so different was she in general appearance on Monday from the girl that his genuine politeness had sheltered on Saturday. "Where have I seen her before? So young——" and he ran over in his mind the portraits of all the pretty servants whom chance had thrown in his way in his wanderings. An acquaintance saluted him, and Mary was forgotten again, after, with the characteristic injustice of man to the other sex, he had set her aside as one beneath a virtuous man's thoughts. Mary went her way, grieving that a little foolish indecision had probably shut her out forever from her last chance of recovering her lost treasure.

Betty, the maid, meanwhile, had derived much enjoyment from the contemplation of the prize which had thus fallen into her hands. The ownership of it did not trouble her mind in the least. Why should it? Better moralists than Betty do not hesitate to appropriate to themselves larger matters, the property of others; and had not the conduct of her mistress also, in relation to the subject, been enough to remove all scruple? Had Mrs. Meredith done as she would be done by, she would have caused the ring to be advertised, and thus at once have found a claimant for it. Mary diligently studied the advertisements in all the newspapers which fell in her way, and even advertised the loss herself. But Mrs. Meredith had entirely forgotten the ring, and Betty could not read.

So passed a week. The grandmother was growing daily more importunate for the ring, which she was sure had been gone quite long enough to be altered. She was certain she should never see it again, she said. So was poor Mary, but she dared not, could not acknowledge it. Her home became every day more and more uncomfortable. To return to her humble lodgings, to which she had been in the habit of looking forward as the happy and quiet hour of the day, was no longer so. Her peevish relative did not fail to open the subject of the lost ring, as soon as her grandchild opened the door, and poor Mary quailed, as the old lady did not scruple to accuse her of ingratitude—of lack of filial affection, in thus neglecting a memento of her father—of terrible carelessness in general. Mary was deeply affected as she perceived that her grandmother's mind was growing yet more imbecile under this, to her, terrible calamity; but her constant reproaches at length drove the child in desperation to acknowledge that the ring was lost, and how.

"And why didn't you tell me this before? why didn't you set right about finding it? I've faith to believe, Mary Richardson, that you've sold that ring. It cost ten dollars when it was new, and it was such good old-fashioned gold that the jeweller gave you twelve for it. But I shall know. I shall watch you—you—you—that ever it should come to this! You might have had the hair saved—your own poor father's, and his fathers'—but there. It is swept into the street long before this, without they saved it to put into a new ring, for it was beautiful hair—and——"

The old lady had talked herself to sleep, and as Mary adjusted the pillows under her head, a single scalding tear fell from the orphan's eyes upon the old woman's cheek. She opened her eyes—the loss of the ring was forgotten.

"Never mind, if we are poor, Mary. God will be good to us—and there's that ring with your grandfather's hair it, you shall have your father's put in, too, as soon as we are able."

The old lady sank into slumber again. Poor Mary sat down in the twilight, and sobbed as if her heart would break.

"If she fails thus, in a short time she will be to me but as the living dead."

CHAPTER III.

THE INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.

It was Sunday, three weeks from the commencement of our sketch. Betty was arranging herself for the afternoon parade, which all servant maidens in New York so much affect, and which is indeed their right as well as their privilege. Many, perhaps most of them, attend church; and it is a beneficent order of Providence that the poor dependent whose recreations are abridged by her situation, finds in the visit to the sanctuary at once the fulfilment of a religious duty, and the gratification of a not necessarily criminal vanity, the display of her well saved holiday clothes; the exchange of greetings between friends who scarce meet except at such times; the affectation of independence which all put on, induced by the natural exaltation of spirit which they feel, that, for a few hours at least, they are their own mistresses, the cheerfulness which the day inspires making the laborer contented with his lot; certainly in these, the simple pleasures of the poor, there are reasons enow that the Sabbath should be to them a welcome day, apathetically as it is received and wearily as its hours may pass with those who are endowed with more of this earth's blessings and comforts. And if in their employment of the Sabbath these should indulge in what rigid observers of form consider improper, surely over such a sin the Recording Angel, to borrow Sterne's beautiful figure, may drop an obliterating tear, as he makes the record.

But we are all infirm. Betty had no business with her mistress's wardrobe, certainly; and if that mistress had done nothing to weaken her sense of right and wrong; if she had never treated with slight and derision any moral obligation, however apparently trivial, Betty might not have found herself in difficulty. Mrs. Meredith did not care any thing about the ring, and it was an easy train of ratiocination by which Betty reached the conclusion that if she helped herself to the loan of a few articles of her mistress's dress, in order that the ring could be worn to better advantage, Mrs. Meredith would be none the worse. Perhaps she would never know it, and if she did she would never care. But she did care, and poor Betty lost her place.

When men have reached fifty years of age, if there is any good in them it comes out. They discover that the world is much more endurable when its inhabitants mutually assist, encourage, and befriend each other. Men of such an age are polite, not from form merely, but from generosity of impulse and of habit. It was therefore that our friend of the omnibus was so attentive to Mary. He saw that she *needed* politeness and attention; and that was enough for him. He did not repulse her, because there was no eclat in waiting upon a poor girl in a homespun dress. He did not care for the doubt of his motives or the affected superiority which the young gallants in the conveyance betrayed.

Middle aged-*old* single gentlemen are invariably the favorites of landladies. Middle-aged-young single gentlemen are different sort of people, as difficult to please as a boy between his teens and twenties. The boy is afraid of being suspected of juvenility, the middle-aged young gentleman is afraid of being suspected of age. So neither can be treated except with extreme punctilio. But your dear, kind, middle-aged, *old* gentleman, with just two crows feet to each eye, and about a score of grey hairs among his whiskers, can be "done anything with." So his landlady asked our old friend if he wouldn't be kind enough to step into the "Institute for the Encouragement of Faithful Domestic Servants," and ask the principal to send her a chambermaid. The young men at the breakfast-table laughed, and so did our middle-aged friend a little, for he was not in the habit of laughing much, and consented.

Reader, did you ever happen to pass one of these places, once denominated "Intelligence offices," now become "Institutes," with the march of mind? On long benches are seated rows of girls; those with their sewing, those with nothing but sour looks; these simpering, those chatting; these practising palmistry, and others intently listening. Here a party are earnestly attending to some vivid description of the unheard-of atrocities to which the speaker was subjected in her last place, and how she will never be subjected to the like again if she dies for it. Stop and look in, and suddenly and uniformly as a file of soldiers obey the word, "eyes right," the whole optical battery is directed to you: blue eyes, black eyes and grey—hazel and nondescript. Some stare, some quiz, some leer, some look imploringly, some curiously, and some carelessly, and some look defiance, as much as to say, "If you go for to come for to think that I am to be had for less than twelve dollars a month, and all my afternoons and Sundays, you'd better not come in here, Mr. Servant-seeker!"

Our friend hesitated on the threshold, and repented of his promise. He had dared in his time to refuse to fight a duel; he had once skilfully rescued a victim from an infuriated mob; he had even been in a real battle, where they fired leaden bullets. Nay, more, he had in his life-time crossed the Park, in New York, at high noon, during the pyrotechnical festivities of the Fourth of July. All these things, and more and more terrific ones he had dared and done without flinching; but when he put his foot on the threshold of the "Institute," he did tremble a little, so strange, unappreciable, and unintelligible did the danger of something seem to him.

"Oh, come in old feller!" shouted some one in the crowd, observing that he hesitated. He did come in, and with absolute awkwardness and timidity made his way up to the throne of the Pluto of this receptacle for girls out of service; and such a buzz of comment and inquiry rose behind him, with here and there a word intelligible, that he involuntarily looked at his coat sleeves, to ascertain if the garment was right side out, and felt of his nose to be sure that his head was not turned. The master of ceremonies was provokingly dull of apprehension, and the interview was thus cruelly protracted. When at length the man was made to understand, he said,

"Perhaps you can agree with one of them here."

Richardson looked round; and at the sight of the amphitheatre of moon faces, pale faces, red faces, clean faces, coquettes, demurites, prudes and wantons—he blushed, absolutely blushed. Upon my word, it is true, but there was never a woman of the company who changed countenance, except from a look of curiosity to a smile, and from a smile to an expression of countenance even more open, and showing more teeth. He turned suddenly to make his exit.

One of them stood directly in the doorway. He strove gently to put her aside, but she was not to be put off so easily.

"Come," she said, "you'd better take me than one of them young flirts, and then your wife won't be jealous."

A shout of laughter rose, and Richardson felt his ears tingle, and still pressed forward. She caught his arm.

"Oh, stop and look a body in the face, if you aint ashamed of yourself."

It was our old acquaintance, Betty. Richardson looked at her mechanically for an instant, and then all his embarrassment vanished.

"Where did *you* get that?" he asked, anxiously, pointing to the ring.

"What?" cried the woman, bridling up with an air of injured innocence.

The conversation had become interesting, and the others huddled around them, tittering, stretching their necks, and standing upon tiptoe.

"That ring I mean, and you know it, for you never came by it honestly."

"What is the difficulty?" inquired the man of the "Institute," emerging from his corner.

Richardson turned to answer, and Betty seized the moment to flit. She undoubtedly had her own reasons for not answering questions. Perhaps she was determined to keep the ring—perhaps it did not seem best to her to refer any person to Mrs. Meredith for a "character," as the document of that description which she now found it proper to use was one of a date somewhat antiquated.

CHAPTER IV.

THE PAWNBROKERS.

Poor Mary's grandmother had grown much worse. Anxiety—for in the second childhood, the few trifles which interest are clung to with more than infantile eagerness—had broken her down fearfully in a few weeks. She sat in her chair silent for hours together. Mary could no longer leave her; and, indeed, if her situation would have permitted her to be left alone, there was no cause for Mary's absence. Her employer, kind at heart, though somewhat unceremonious, had given her occupation while any lasted, but now the fashionables had left town—the seasonable dresses were made up, and all was dull for the poor operatives. Mrs. Meredith had paid her bill, with a threat of the withdrawal of her "patronage," from such importunate people; and the milliner had paid Mary, not only a portion of the cash received from her customer, but also with a portion of the patronising condescension of that lady, as she told her poor dependent that she was sorry to say she could no longer give her work at present. Mary thanked her, passed silently into the street, summoned her fortitude to her aid, and tried to persuade herself she was merely wiping dust from her eyes, when she was staunching a tear. Mary could not be idle. She divided her little stock of money into sums to be used from day to day, and in no case to be exceeded, and found that by economy they could subsist ten days—by parsimony they might make it last longer. She looked over her small stock of personal effects, to think what among them could possibly be spared, if the worst came to the worst; and she shuddered at the necessity which might occur for her visiting a pawnbroker's—a place from which her intuitive sense of delicacy shrunk. She busied herself in repairs of scanty wardrobe, and that of her aged relative; and, after that was done, time hung heavy upon her hands, and she volunteered repairs upon the clothing of the wretched near her. It might make her some return one day—but of that she did not think, for even our poor Mary, in all her destitution, felt that there were others even more wretched than she.

Poverty makes its victims acquainted with strange associations. The gay, the happy, and the easy living world little wot of the shades and degrees of misery, which are concealed beneath the revolting and forbidding exteriors of those whom we consider the vile, and pass without mercy as the victims of their own voluntary debasement. *Voluntary!* God in heaven, and the poor sin-infected heart on earth, alone know how little of debasement is *voluntary*. Step by step the moral leprosy steals over the human soul, each descent preparing for the next, and circumstances and temptations come unbidden, till the poor degraded being is cheated into the belief that he is not to impute blame to himself, but to accident. Or, if he remember a voluntary act of error, it is so far, far back, that he does not connect it with the present, though it was the first step in his descent. But we are digressing.

"It is a pity"—said our pleasant friend of the omnibus, as he saw a girl emerge from a filthy subterranean hole in the low part of the city. Drunken words and sounds followed her out, as she seemed to flee them, not so much in astonishment as in fright, and not so much in fright, neither, as in avoidance of annoying things, too common to excite surprise, or to induce excessive fear. Our middle-aged man would not have descended, for the world, to the den from which he saw that intelligent face coming up. "So neat too—it is a pity—a terrible pity! If she could only be snatched from this life!" and he advanced a step to follow and address her. "Humph!" he said, as he drew nearer, and then fell back again irresolute—"It is the same poor creature that came so near speaking to me in the street a week or two ago, I verily believe! So young, so neat, so modest, so superior to the others of her class; and now I recollect, it is—it must be the same girl that I took care of in an omnibus some time since. It's a pity—a terrible pity. I've a great mind to speak to her." He looked up, but she had vanished. It was Mary; and she had been clothing the unconscious child of a drunken father and heart-broken mother. Charity had lighted her path, consecrated her purpose, defended her person. Her little stock of money was almost gone, and still there opened no hope of an increase. And her poor old grandmother! It was almost a pain to Mary to see her awakening to any partial and temporary interest in things about her; for she would invariably at such times ask for the lost ring, the thought of which formed the whole occupation of her feeble mind. Had Mary been wealthy—had she possessed anything beyond what was even insufficient for her instant necessaries, affection would have prompted the innocent deception of substituting another trinket, as near like the lost as could have been devised.

But Mary was poor—abjectly poor. The last shilling had been expended, and for the morrow's subsistence there remained in her possession but a few pennies. She was driven to the much dreaded step, and wrapping in a kerchief the Prayer Book, the only article save her Bible which remained, which would command even a shilling of the brokers, she took her way to Chatham street. She could not resist dwelling a moment with anxious eyes on the trumpery jewelry in the window. But she recollected the injunction, "Thou shalt not covet," and checked the thought, which seemed to her almost the forbidden sin; and with a hasty look, to be sure that no one recognised her, she entered the shop, and was shown into one of those stalls contrived for the wretched poor, and the wickedly improvident, to conceal their misery or their improvidence from each other. Guilty and wretched did Mary feel as she was about to place in careless hands, the book which had belonged to her father. But she had no choice between that and the family bible. A prayer book may be taken up in every church, but the house without the word of God beneath its roof, is indeed desolate.

Hardly had she entered, and found concealment in one of the boxes, when our old friend of the omnibus entered the place. Failing in all his attempts to trace Betty, the *esprit du corps* of her companions leading them to refuse to answer all his questions, he had commenced the round of the pawnbrokers' shops, hoping that she might attempt thus to dispose of the article in which he took what may appear to the reader such an unaccountable interest. He started at hearing a voice at his elbow, through the thin board. Unaccustomed to the place, he leaned forward over the counter to look. It was *she*.

"Again!" he thought, almost aloud. "How frequently that poor child crosses my path!" She unfolded the Prayer Book—it was an ancient and peculiar one. The pawnbroker, who knows of no family associations—no extrinsic value—no standard save dollars and cents—offered her TWOPENCE upon it! She would have taken it back, but he had already put the ticket and the money in her hands, and she glided out of the place, with a disappointed and bursting heart.

"What is her name?" inquired our friend.

"That's telling," said the broker with a leer.

Attracted irresistibly by its appearance, the gentleman placed his hand upon the book.

"I beg your pardon!" said the money lender, as he took it rudely from him, and put it on a shelf behind, the ticket tucked between the pages. Pawnbrokers never break one customer's secrets to another.

CHAPTER V.

FOUND.

The old lady was dying. It was near midnight, and the feeble lamp served only to make the apartment darker, by casting scarce discernible shadows. An Irish woman was rocking herself to and fro upon the floor, and uttering a low continual moan. She had no relationship there—no tie but gratitude—for she was the mother of the child whose life Mary's attention had saved. She had for the whole day, and up to that hour, busied herself in such rude offices of friendship as her kind heart prompted, and her feeble means would permit. She had even robbed her own children of a portion of their scanty food, to offer well meant sustenance to the dying, but the lacklustre eyes of the failing woman could not comprehend her offer, earnestly as she assured her that it was "only the hunger that was on her." The patient's faculties were benumbed, and she had already sunk into a lethargy from which no earthly power could recall her.

Mary stood at the bedside. The dying woman felt about the clothes, as if seeking to find something, which should be in her hand.

"It is the death feeling now," said the Irish woman, as she rose and stood beside the weeping Mary.

A noiseless step entered the chamber—a man had gently pressed to the bedside between the two women. The dying woman held up her hand to look again at the ring which had been so long worn upon her finger, she missed it once for the thousandth time, as if she had never discovered the loss before. She threw a look of dull inquiry on her grandchild—it passed to the man beside her, and suddenly the paralytic, her gift of voice gone, struggled with all her remaining powers of vitality to turn toward him. He leaned over her and listened for her breath, but it was for ever departed.

Mary permitted the stranger to draw her gently from the bedside. The kind Irish woman was about to make her own preparations for the last sad duties.

"Stay, my good woman," he said in a voice almost stifled with grief, "I will see that the last offices are performed."

Mary rose from her seat bewildered, and our friend of the omnibus—for he it was—drew her to his bosom.

"God will forgive you what sorrow and destitution may have tempted you to forget—and I will take care that want shall no more be your apology or temptation."

And the strong man sat down and wept, but it was more for the living than for the dead.

The poor girl was bewildered. She could not imagine what *he* had to pray forgiveness for in her past life, or to prevent in her future; and to her hour of destitution and grief she could not give attention to the solution of riddles. She could perceive that his intentions were kind, but she felt not the reproaches which she could not understand. She almost *said*, and she did wish, that the charity which came so ungraciously, at so late an hour, had not come at all. Again she returned to the bedside.

"Come away, my child," said the visitor again. "If indeed you are my daughter, obey the first request I have ever made of you!"

The Irish woman had taken up the light and held it to the stranger's face. Mary recognised her friend of the omnibus, and was more bewildered than ever.

"Sure ye'll hark till what the gentleman would be sayin'," said the woman.

"I am Henry Richardson, your father!"

"Holy Virgin!" shouted the Irish woman, almost dropping her lamp,—"it's a long lane that has no turn. He is good to them that remember the poor

—blessing on the night that we have lived to see—it's deep under sorrow that we find the jewel joy! The Lord save ye's now—sure ye'll be wanting to speak." And the good soul, in her intuitive knowledge of what was proper and kind, left them together.

Richardson drew his daughter from the corse of her grandmother, and seated her by his side. She could conceive of no motive for his deceiving her—she was prepossessed in his favor—she knew that no certain tidings of her father's death had ever reached his friends, and, believing all he said, she bowed her head upon his neck to weep. "Oh God!" he thought, "Hadst thou but restored her to me innocent!" He told her first the story of his search for the ring, in which he had once or twice encountered her. He told her of his almost taking up what he now knew was his own book at the pawnbroker's. That very evening he had visited the office of a newspaper, in order to tempt the cupidity of Betty by advertising a reward for the ring. There, upon the file of papers, his eye had accidentally fallen upon her advertisement, and he had immediately followed the trace which it gave of her.

And when Mary told her father of the manner in which the ring was lost,—of her meeting him upon the following Monday—of her inclination to speak—her doubt—her fears of misconstruction—and how at last her heart failed her. As she related this, and he remembered how uncharitable had been his thoughts, his heart smote him. Had she but spoken to him on that day, how much would have been saved to both!

Hope, now that one of his causes of suspicion was wiped away, whispered to the father's heart; but still he dared only to *hope*. He told her of his seeing her come from the fearful place of iniquity we have described; and on that point too, without suspecting that he had doubted her, she artlessly cleared her conduct, without knowing what was the tenor of the gentle cross-examination to which her father was subjecting her. The pure, who feel that they are above suspicion, are the last to learn that they are suspected.

The lamp had flickered out in its socket,—the morning light was slowly growing in the room upon the living and the dead, and still the father and the daughter were in busy converse, unmindful of the passage of the hours. As she answered his questions in the frankness of her young soul, unfolding itself to one whom she might love and trust, he listened with an attention which heard her every breath. Nearer and nearer had she grown to his heart, and his confidence in her every moment increased, as the purity of her mind was, unconsciously to herself, shown in her natural and easy language—not by the earnest protestations and prepared periods, which are the efforts of the hypocrite. He collected incidental proofs of what she did not dream he had doubted; and, when the morning's sun glistened in her tears, he could not resist the impulse to clasp her to his bosom, with all a father's implicit affection.

Little remains to be said, save the particulars of the happy consummation, and how it happened that Mr. Richardson could meet, without knowing, his own child. His heart yearned to her, even when he deemed her both a stranger and unworthy; but it is thus that affection often makes us humane, and the heart that is in doubt respecting its own beloved is ever more tender to those who seem destitute. Called abroad even before Mary's birth, it was his misfortune to meet with shipwreck. Taken up, the sole survivor of a wreck, by an outward bound Indiaman, he found an opening in that country for his enterprising spirit, and decided upon a temporary residence there. Writing home to advise his friends of the fact, his first letter miscarried, and the loss of the ship in which he sailed having been ascertained, he was given up as dead. His next letters, through the changes in the address of his mother, never reached their destination. He could endure the silence of his friends no longer, and returned to find his wife in the churchyard, and his mother married and removed. He wrote to her husband's address, but while the world had shifted with him it had not stood still with his mother, and her changes of residence in following her husband, defeated inquiry. As she believed him dead, his efforts to discover her had been met with no corresponding endeavors upon her part. And at length, upon the death of her second husband she had returned to New York, invested her property as we have already stated, and resided in the city to which her son was a frequent visitor, without no once suspecting her proximity, or her once imagining that he was among the living.

At the date of our story the son found himself wealthy, and alone in the world, without a connection to share his fortune. He had just returned from an excursion to the south, where he had traced his mother from place to place, and at last to New York. Meantime, as reverses had fallen upon her, she had disappeared, and he could find no one who knew whither. He had been but a short time in the search in the city, when the train of incidents which have formed the subject of this sketch occurred, and he reached the bed-side of his aged parent just in season for her to imagine from his sudden apparition, that she had met her son in Heaven.

The daughter, we need not say, proved all that a father's heart could wish. He had again a home—and she what she had never known before, a father. Upon their advertising for a chamber-maid, Betty was the first to present herself, with the ring upon her finger. Many a "merry-making" had it attended in her possession, but she was not at all unwilling to part with it for a more gaudy one.

Mrs. Meredith, one of the acknowledged "ton," was of course among the invited at the soirée which Mr. Richardson felt bound to give in reciprocation of the civilities to which as a stranger of travel and money he was welcomed. As she went home, Mrs. Meredith declared to her daughter, that she did not think the heiress's a very beautiful place. "And I do believe," said she,—"I am sure—I must have seen her somewhere before."

So she had. And——but the rest will do, some time or other, for another story.

The Farmer.

THE SPINE OF PLANTS.

In all vertebrate animals there is a part at the back of the neck, between the spine marrow and the brain, where a serious injury will occasion death. There is a corresponding point in plants, between the root and the stem, which is called the neck or collar; and at this point plants may be more readily injured than any where else. Most plants, also, may be killed by covering this point too deeply in the soil. In all seedling plants, this neck or vital part is immediately beneath the point where the seed leaves originate; and if the plant be cut over there when in a young state, the part which is left in the ground will infallibly die. In all plants, however, and particularly in herbaceous plants which have creeping stems, and, also, in various kinds of trees and shrubs, the roots, after the plant has attained a certain age, become furnished with adventitious buds; and, when the plant or tree is cut over by the collar, these dormant buds are called into action, and throw up shoots which are called suckers. No suckers, however, are ever thrown up by the roots of a plant cut through at the collar while in its seed leaves. The branches of a tree may all be cut off close to the trunk, and the roots also partially removed; but, if the collar remain uninjured, the plant, in suitable soil and under favorable circumstances, will throw out new roots, and in time will completely recover itself. On the other hand, if the collar is cut off, the stem or trunk is left without roots, and the roots without a stem, or the power (in general) to throw up one. There are some plants of the herbaceous kind (such as the horse-radish, for example,) that do not suffer even if the collar should be buried two feet, or even three feet; but by far the greater number of the plants (such as the hepatica, the common daisy, the common grasses, &c.) are killed by having the collar covered two or three inches; and nothing is more injurious to woody plants, whether large or small. It is to destroy a large tree, by heaping up earth round the base of its trunk; and easy to prevent a small one from growing, by lifting it and planting it six inches or a foot deeper in the soil than it was before. Hence the great importance of not planting any plant deeper in the soil than it was before taking up; and hence also the reason why trees planted in deeply trenched ground, and especially fruit-trees, often disappoint the planter. In planting these trees, the soil immediately under and about them is more consolidated by treading and watering than the soil in the other parts of the plantation; and hence it soon sinks below the general level; to maintain which level, the gardener fills up the depression every year, till the collar of the tree becomes buried several inches beneath the surface.—*Loudon's Suburban Horticulturist.*

Potato.—It is 272 years since potatoes were first known in Europe. They were introduced into Ireland, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth in 1565, by Captain John Hawkins, who brought them from Santa Fe, in South America. It is said that they were first planted by Sir Walter Raleigh, who had an estate in Ireland; but the natural history of the potato was so little understood at that time, that Sir Walter resolved to renounce the expectation he had formed, of bringing this exotic to perfection in that country. When in due time, after he had planted the first potatoes, the stalks grew up, and he perceived upon the stem a green apple, he thought that was the fruit, which he had no idea of being concealed under the earth. He caused some of these apples to be boiled; but finding them nauseous to the taste, he concluded that he had lost his labor; and for some time thought no more of potatoes. However, having some time after given directions that the ground should be dug up, or ploughed, to his very great surprise he found a plentiful crop of fruit, which proved most grateful to the taste. They soon got into general use, and became the principal food of the Irish peasantry.

☞ A white swan was shot near Mukwanago, Wisconsin, by Mr. J. Colburn, which stands five feet high, and measures seven feet eleven inches from the tip of one wing to that of the other. It is the largest bird that has been killed in the Territory.

Berks County Wine.—Large quantities of domestic wines are manufactured in Berks county. In and near Reading, there are eight or ten vineyards, and the business is said to be in a thriving condition.

Delaware.—The Delaware State Journal, of May 30th, says, the crops in Newcastle County promise fairly. Wheat and grass are healthy but backward in appearance. The corn has not yet come up.

New York.—The weather for the last week has been remarkably fine. Wheat in this section never looked better or promised a more abundant crop than now.—*Corning (Steuben Co.) Adv.*

United States SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:

Saturday Morning, June 3, 1843.

☞ WILLIAM ADAMS is still our agent to collect bills for the United States Saturday Post and Chronicle, and for Graham's Magazine in the City and County of Philadelphia. 3t

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The new arrangement renders it necessary that all outstanding accounts should be settled up as fast as possible. Will our friends who are in arrears, remit their accounts at once. They cannot complain that we have been in the habit of dunning, but now we urge payment promptly.

NEW PREMIUMS.

To any person sending $2, in advance, we will send the United States Saturday Post for one year, and a copy of James' new novel, "FOREST LIFE," *gratis.*

For $5, three copies of United States Saturday Post and Arthur's new novel, "FANNY DALE."

For $10, seven copies of United States Saturday Post and either of the novels.

For $20, seventeen copies of United States Saturday Post and both novels.

For $5, one copy of United States Saturday Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, and one copy of the Lady's World.

For $10, three copies of United States Saturday Post, two copies of Graham's Magazine, and two copies of Lady's World.

☞ The money must always be sent free of postage.

Any young man may procure a club by a little exertion, and have good reading gratis; and any subscriber, by sending $2 in advance, will be entitled to one of the novels named.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Mutter, mutter, mutter! The ingenuity of some good, and otherwise sensible people in self-torment, is perfectly unaccountable to those who have the common sense to take things as they happen, and make the best of the worst, instead of making the worst of the best. But the large number of these self-tormentors is evidenced in the enormous sales which are found for panaceas and specifics. A common turn which this disposition for forboding evil takes, is in the imagination that the person who possesses it, is afflicted, or about to be afflicted with some dire disease. The premonitions of imminent deadly illness are constantly imagined to be present and hypochondriac stomachs are daily drenched with the whole alphabet of remedies, for the whole alphabet of diseases.

Other grumblers and croakers are in continual fear relative to the weather, the crops, the times, trade and business. They lose all faith, enjoyment and content in the present, and their only hope in the future appears to be that it will be kind enough to turn out sufficiently bad to justify their predictions. They are never astonished at any misfortune, let it be "fee grief, due to some single breast," or a wider calamity, which affects "the general weal." Surprised? Not they. Like the old woman who said she "knew the old cow *would* eat the grindstone," when her husband notified her of that very curious fact, they are ready to believe any thing, provided it be gloomy enough—any thing, in short, but good news.

Of the two extremes, we are sometimes tempted to think that "happy go lucky" is the better, rather than this continual fattening on the miserable. Benoni Burdock, who Jo. Neal saith "was a bitter man," was not half so good a member of society as the most carelessly happy individual in it. The true doctrine, however—the orthodox rule of conduct is to seek and keep the mean between the two extremes. Take things by their smooth handle. If your house burns down, save the nails, and clean the bricks for the inside of the walls of a new one; but don't sit down and cry for fear your wife and babies should get burned in the next conflagration. If your plans miscarry in one case, watch and keep out of the next attempt, the seeds and causes of your last failure. If the season is late, remember that summer will be all the pleasanter when it does come. If you are among the outs in politics, improve your leisure in minding your own business; a duty which in our land "suffers some" among politicians.

If you want a present panacea, read this week's Post. On page the last, true lovers will discover how a gallant captain won his bride, in spite of his enemies at court; and divers other matters, from grave to gay, will be found in the same neighborhood. If you feel as if you were remarkably unlucky and ill-cared for by fortune, run through Mr. Jones's Memoir of Jonathan Smiley, vernacularly named Jonce, and see how his ups and downs invariably tend downwards when the balance is struck. And yet we will bet a goose quill against a gross of steel pens (vast odds against us) that Ezekiel will bring his hero out "all right" in the end.

For a separate theme, we open a new paragraph. We should do injustice to our own paper in calling attention to its contents, could we pass over the sonnets upon the first page. They are enough to make a poet's reputation; possessing more variety of beauty and excellence than we have often met in similar compass. We cannot refrain from quoting, though the whole is in the reader's hand:

> "Thou knowest nor mete nor bound.
> *Thy presence is existence.*"

Out of the inspired volume there is not in the language a sentence conveying a more awfully grand volume of meaning than this. And this is but one gem of many in the stanzas, while the whole are almost uniformly sublime in thought, and noble in diction. But if the author will read his own composition, and feel, as he must, the ennobling thoughts to which the perusal gives birth, they will find utterance in a new stanza in much better keeping than that which is now the opening one. The figure with which it begins is pretty, but too puerile for so sublime a theme. And, again, for "Apician" in Stanza VI., let him substitute a scripture image, the very one which will most readily suggest itself, for it is the glory of the inspired book that the more familiar are its images, the more impressive are they.

CHURCH FOR SEAMEN.

A meeting was held on Monday of last week, at Trinity Church, Southwark, to take the preparatory steps toward organising efforts in behalf of the religious instruction of Seamen, by the Protestant Episcopal Church. The Rev. Dr. Boyd presided, and Mr. R. H. George was appointed Secretary. The Rev. Mr. Goodman, read a lengthy address, setting forth the nature of the Seaman's employment—the value and importance of the business in which they are engaged—their present neglected and comparatively destitute condition—and the claims which they have upon the sympathies and exertions of Christians generally. Several resolutions were offered, and among them one directing the appointment of a Committee of twelve, for the purpose of opening a Chapel for seamen, under the services of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and to report at a subsequent meeting a regular plan of organization. The resolutions were seconded by the Rev. Mr. Oglevie, in a few pertinent and excellent remarks upon the necessity of such an undertaking, in which he dwelt upon the inconsistency of the Church sending out Missionaries to distant lands, where our country is represented by few others than wicked and debauched seamen. He spoke of the noble generosity of the sailor, which, he thought, could readily be turned to advantage by religious instruction, and he hoped to see this commencement carried out until a floating chapel for seamen should be moored in the Delaware, similar to that in progress of preparation at New York. A resolution was passed to furnish, with the consent of the owner or master, every vessel regularly entered at this port, with at least two Bibles, and an adequate number of Prayer books.

Touching the *Floating Chapel* in the Delaware, as the good enterprise is yet in its infancy, we beg the projectors *to think better of it.* The writer of this notice has had in his experience, some personal knowledge of what sailors like, and of what sailors think in relation to these matters; and he can assure the gentlemen that they would infinitely prefer a Chapel on land; and the less like a ship, and the more like a Church it should look, the better would it please them. "Long Tom Coffin," in one of Cooper's Sea Tales, considers the land as good for nothing but as a place to furnish sea stories, the "home on the ocean wave," being the true and natural home of the sailor; but there are very few Long Tom Coffins. In efforts for seamen, the kindest hearted philanthropists very often make the mistake of providing for them as if they were a separate order of beings, and as if they wished, on shore, all houses shipped, all solid land fused into waves, all flesh fish-ified, and all things on land caricatured into a resemblance to things at sea. This is a great mistake, and is often regarded by them as an insult to their common sense—such an insult as defeats the intention with which it was commenced. The "floating chapel" would involve much more expense and trouble than a chapel on land—would be more difficult of access; inconvenient and a hybrid—neither ship nor shore, a vessel nor a church. Abandon that defective part of your excellent purpose, gentlemen.

Many seamen, and officers of vessels were present, and the audience appeared very favorably inclined toward the undertaking. We sincerely hope it may be carried out; for, once commenced, it is almost certain to succeed.

DEATH OF NOAH WEBSTER.

This venerable man, whose history is a part of that of his country, in services as honorable and useful as the service of statesmanship, or of arms, departed this life, at his residence in New Haven, on Sunday evening last, in the 85th year of his age. Through his long life he has been unremittingly employed, in labors the evidences of which will live after him; and at the period of his decease he had just completed the revision of his Dictionary of the English Language; a work among the most honorable to American Literature. For the summary of his character, and a glance at the leading events of his life, the reader is referred to the following obituary notice, from the New Haven Herald. In politics he has always been classed with the Federalist School; but his was a character which commanded the willing respect of all Americans, whether they agreed with him in political views or not. Earnest, direct, and frank, his pen had a masculine vigor and directness, which made any position strong which he defended; the more so that the reader felt that it must be a sincere and strong mind from which such thoughts and arguments proceeded.

"Dr. Webster has been a long time before the public as a prominent individual in the various departments of society, and a short notice of the principal events of his life cannot be unacceptable to the public. He was born in West Hartford, in this State, October 16th, 1758. He was a descendant of John Webster, one of the first settlers of Hartford, who was a member of the Colonial Council from its first formation, and subsequently Governor of Connecticut.

"Noah Webster entered Yale College in 1774. In his Junior year, in the time of Burgoyne's expedition from Canada, he volunteered his services under the command of his father, who was captain in the *alarm list.* In that campaign, all the males of the family, four in number, were in the army at the same time. Notwithstanding this interruption in his studies, Mr. Webster graduated with high reputation in 1778. During the summer of 1779, he resided in the family of Mr. afterward Chief Justice, Ellsworth, at Hartford. He was admitted to the bar in 1781. Subsequently, he engaged in the business of instruction, and being strongly impressed with the defects of such books as were then used in elementary schools, published in 1783, at Hartford, his *First Part of a Grammatical Institute of the English Grammar.* The great success of this work, and of the same class prepared by him, is well known. Mr. Webster early became a political writer. His first publication in this character was at Hartford in 1783 when the State was agitated on the subject of half pay for life to the Revolutionary army. For a series of papers in the Connecticut Courant, under the signature of Honorius, he received the thanks of Gov. Trumbull in person, and was highly complimented by other gentlemen of distinction. At various other periods of public excitement and difficulty the aid of his pen was solicited by those who were best acquainted with his full and correct information on questions of public interest, and his ability to explain and defend his own views.

"His 'Sketches of American Policy' published in 1784, his writing in favor of the adoption of the Federal Constitution, in defence of Washington's proclamation of neutrality, and of the treaty negotiated with Great Britain by Mr. Jay, had great influence on public opinion and were highly appreciated. Various other topics during the same period were publicly discussed by him. In 1793, he commenced a daily paper in New York, which is now called the *Commercial Advertiser and New York Spectator.*

"Mr. Webster removed to New Haven in 1798, and in 1807 entered on the great business of his life—the compiling of a new and complete Dictionary of the English Language. This work he prosecuted amidst various difficulties and discouragements, and published the first edition of it in 1828. In the preparation of this Dictionary he was led to investigate to a great extent the subject of Etymology, and the relations of various languages to each other. This Dictionary has been more favorably received than, as is believed, the author ever anticipated. Dr. Webster formed no opinion without investigation, and such opinion on any subject as appeared to him, after full consideration to be correct, he never feared to express. He strongly loved his country. He lived and died in the faith of the Gospel. For the last forty years of his life, though he had been long before a diligent student, he devoted his time to literary pursuits with an ardor rarely seen in any country, and especially in this. His study was his home; his books and pen his constant companions; and his knowledge to the last was constantly on the increase. When such a man is taken from life, 'much learning dieth with him.'

"Dr. Webster had enjoyed remarkably vigorous health till within a few days of his death. On Monday of last week he was slightly unwell, but no alarm was felt by his family. His disorder, however, soon took the form of pleurisy, and he gradually sank under the attack till, at the time above mentioned, in the full possession of his reason he died with entire composure and resignation."

SECOND CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF THE NEW ENGLAND COLONIES.

This celebration, the orator of which was John Quincy Adams, took place at the Chauncy-Place Church, in Boston, by the Historical Society, on Monday. It is hardly necessary to say that the interest on the occasion, crowded the building to its almost capacity. After prayer, and after the oration Psalms were sung from the New England Version of 1640. One of these we subjoin. It must have seemed to the hearers wonderfully appropriate; as no doubt the music selected for it was as old as could be found, to be in keeping with the verse.

> Your thanks unto the Lord express.
> Because that good is He;
> Because His loving kindnesses
> Last to eternity.
>
> So say the Lord's redeemed, whom bought
> He hath from enemies' hands;
> And from the east and west hath brought,
> From south and northern lands.
>
> Then did they to Jehovah cry,
> When they were in distress;
> Who did them set at liberty
> Out of their anguishes.
>
> Oh that men praise Jehovah would
> For his great goodness then,
> And for his wonders manifold
> Unto the sons of men!

Mr. Adams's Historical Discourse is spoken of by the correspondent of the Tribune, as a history, such as few men in our country besides himself could write, of the Four New England Colonies, which confederated together in 1643, and of that other New England Colony, Rhode Island, whose application to be admitted into the confederacy was denied. The principal facts which constituted the mass of his narrative were of course familiar to every student of American History; but Mr. Adams, by the singular interest which he threw around his subject, and by his eloquent and profound remarks, held the audience, for the space of two hours, in breathless silence, save when their enthusiasm broke out in rapturous cheers. His remarks upon the perfidy and treachery of our country to the Indians were as severe as every one felt they were just. He claimed for the Pilgrim Fathers, that they were the first to recognise the right of the Indians to compensation for their hunting-grounds, and said it ill became the present generation to charge them with injustice. The character of Roger Williams was handled with considerable severity, and with the biting sarcasm for which Mr. A. is unrivalled. He admitted, however, that Williams was a great and a good man, though of a contentious disposition; and to this latter quality he ascribes his final banishment from the Massachusetts Colony.

Mr. Adams closed his remarks by adverting to the change which has taken place in New England, in consequence of her altered circumstances,—a change which has well-nigh deprived her of her distinctive character; and by an appeal to his audience to reverence the great principles of Civil and Religious Freedom on which their fathers laid the foundation of their institutions.

MORE TRUE WEALTH.

A company of respectable, and it said wealthy Germans, have purchased 10,000 acres of land in Limestone Township, Warren County, Pennsylvania, with the intention of entering largely upon the pursuits of agriculture and manufactures. The Germans are among the best emigrants who come to this country; possessing, as they do, all the main requisites which constitute good citizens. And the news is gratifying in another view. While enterprise still looks eagerly at the farther West, and is even beginning to cast a longing eye on the Oregon, the capacities of our older States are yet by no means developed. There are yet large tracts of unimproved land of excellent quality in Warren, Jefferson, McKean, and Venango Counties, in this State, and we are pleased to learn that the emigration is turning in that direction.

TEXAS NEWS.

The news this week from Texas is rather "heavy." In the first place a second expedition has been fitted out against Santa Fe, in collecting which, the difficulty was, not to raise men enough, but to keep out those whom they did not want. The Texas Civilian says, five hundred men are certainly known to be in the field, and it is thought the force is nearer eight. The place of general rendezvous was Coffee's Station—the time, the 15th of April. The route was on the south side of the Red River, and military operations were to be exclusively confined to the territory of Texas and Mexico. They are said, in the Civilian to have information of all the Mexican parties, which were to have left either Santa Fe or St. Louis, and will probably intercept them on the road. Their object does not, however, end here. The city of Santa Fe will be entered, and if it is deemed prudent, and the people of the country are able to distinguish their friends and benefactors from the tyrants and blood suckers who now oppress them, a descent will be made upon Chihuahua and the whole of Northern Mexico may be revolutionised. On this, however, the men are determined: That they will not return without Armijo and Lewis dead or alive.

Another item of news is a proclamation by "I, Sam Houston," outlawing Com. Moore, revoking his orders previous to Oct. 1842, and commanding him, in pursuance of subsequent orders, forthwith to report himself in person, at the Naval Department in Texas. Furthermore the President disavows all Moore's acts on the high seas in disobedience of orders, and "requests all the governments in the treaty, or on terms of amity with this government, and all naval officers on the high seas, or in ports foreign to this country, to seize the said Post Captain, E. W. Moore, the ship Austin and brig Wharton, with their crews, and bring them, or any of them, into the port of Galveston, that the vessels may be secured to the Republic, and the culprit or culprits arraigned and punished by the sentence of a legal tribunal."

Considerably ferocious this. On the other hand, Com. Moore, not having the fear of President Houston before his eyes, and in anticipation of being "Sammed" in this very way, has written a letter to the editor of the Texas Times, in which he says: "In the event of my being declared by proclamation of the President as a pirate or outlaw, you will please state, over my signature, that I go down to attack the Mexican Squadron, with the *consent and full concurrence* of Col. James Morgan, who is on board this ship as one of the Commissioners to carry into effect the secret act of Congress, in relation to the Navy, and who is going with me, believing, as he does, that it is the best thing that could be done for the country."

The New Orleans Tropic states that the "British frigate Spartan, 36 guns, had left Galveston, the commander having in his possession the late proclamation of President Houston. Capt. Elliott, the British Minister to Texas, sailed from New Orleans on the steamer Alabama, in her last trip, for Havana, and no doubt is entertained that he had Houston's Proclamation in *his* possession. These movements clearly indicate, says the Tropic, a determination on the part of the agents of the British Government in this quarter, to aid the President of Texas in his mad crusade against the Navy of that Republic. We shall not be in the slightest degree surprised to hear in the course of the next few days, that the naval power of Great Britain, under the sanction of that infamous scoundrel, Sam Houston, has driven the 'Lone Star' from the Gulf of Mexico." Perhaps all these surmises may be true, and perhaps not. But we rather think that in Texas Com. Moore stands a better chance with the people than the President does.

THOMAS GODFREY.

We need hardly tell our Philadelphia readers that Thomas Godfrey, a Philadelphia mechanic, and the friend and co-member of Franklin, in a scientific and literary association, while both were yet young men, was the inventor of the instrument known as Hadley's quadrant. In 1730 he communicated his improvement in Davis' quadrant to Mr. Logan, then Secretary of Pennsylvania. In 1731, through the influence of Mr. Logan, a paper, describing this improvement, was laid before the Royal Society of London. Hadley, Vice President of the society, had already presented a description of a reflecting quadrant of the same character. The society decided that both were equally entitled to the merit of the invention, and voted the sum of £200 to Godfrey. The decision that both were equally entitled to the honor of the invention was a deference to Hadley, and to Godfrey, whose claims, in unprejudiced minds are every where acknowledged the best supported and most probable.

Sometime since Dr. Emerson, in a lecture before the Mercantile Library Company of this city, paid an eloquent tribute to the memory of Godfrey. Upon that hint, or suggestion, the Library Company determined to take means to erect a monument to Godfrey, whose remains had already been removed from Germantown to Laurel Hill. At their order Mr. Struthers executed an appropriate marble monument; and Thursday last was the day selected for placing it over Godfrey's remains, with fitting ceremonies; Dr. Emerson delivering an address in the chapel of the cemetery.

BOHEA PER STEAM.

One Amos Holton, who we are bound to believe is a Yankee of the go-a-head genus, most unadulterated, has published a letter in the Chilicothe, (Ohio) Advertiser, from which we learn that he has been examining the routes to the Oregon Territory, with a view to their adaptation "*to the construction and establishment of a railroad!*" His scheme embraces the distance intervening between New York and China. Connect New York and St. Louis, eight hundred miles, by railway; then from the navigable waters of the Missouri, at the mouth of the Kansas, construct a railroad eight hundred miles to the navigable waters of the Columbia, at a cost of $16,000,000, ($20,000 per mile,) and you shall have a line of direct communication between New York and China, 8100 miles long—6500 of navigable water, and of railroad 1600—to be passed over in 30 days, applying to the one the steamboat speed now made across the Atlantic, and to the other the speed existing on our Eastern railroads. Great part of the connexion of New York and St. Louis is already done, as the great railroads now in existence want comparatively few links to complete the whole route. The other eight hundred miles will be the hardest, and probably are not to be done in this generation, nor in this century. But when the route is completed, as one day it must be, how fully will be realized the dream of Columbus, who sailed West in search of the "kingdom of Cathay."

PIRATES AND EARTHQUAKES.

The Magnolia, Capt. Delano, at New York, from Guayama, reports that a smart shock of an earthquake had occurred there, very much alarming the residents. The great earthquake which destroyed Point Petre, was felt also at Barbadoes. On the 5th of April another heavy shock was felt at Guadaloupe, which shook the vessels in the water, and alarmed the people on shore so much that they fled in all directions, supposing they were to have a repetition of the late shock which caused so much destruction in that place. Slight shocks are felt almost every evening. Capt. Delano saw the most striking evidences of the ravages of the earthquake—large crevices remaining in the earth—kegs of nails melted in the fire that followed the earthquake, melted stone-ware, &c., some specimens of which he brought with him.

The Magnolia also brings intelligence that, while off the Island of Jamaica, on the 27th of April, the brig Watson was chased by a piratical schooner, and fired into three times, and then left. The brig was in ballast at the time, and the supposed reason of the pirates leaving her was, that she had nothing on board worth taking, she at the same time having $4000 in specie in the cabin, and bound to Guadaloupe. It is pretty evident that a pretty large squadron is needed in these seas to repress the piratical attempts which are becoming quite common.

HENRY INMAN.

This gentleman, we perceive by some of the New York periodicals, is going abroad. He is an artist whose name will be in many places across the water his best announcement and introduction. He is a man whose character and accomplishments will satisfy whatever is expected of him professionally, or as a gentleman; and he possesses that best attribute of true genius, modesty, which rather defers to the claims of his inferiors, than sets up pretensions to embitter and cool his intercourse with his professional brethren. We wish him all the pleasure which his happy mind promises, and to which his merits entitle him.

NO, THANK YOU.

While comfortably at dinner at Kingston, Jamaica, Ex-President Boyer was startled with an invitation from his former subjects to go over to Hayti and be hanged. He answered his late liege subjects that he would see them hanged first; and the English authorities refuse to deliver him up on the requisitions of the Haytians.

THE PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

The American Philosophical Society held its anniversary on Tuesday last, in the Musical Fund Hall. The venerable President, P. S. Duponceau, L. L. D. in a few remarks, which were listened to with breathless interest and attention, pleaded age as a reason why the duty of the President to address the society had been delegated to another. Dr. R. M. Patterson, the Vice President, delivered the address, which is spoken of by those who heard it as a superior production. It gave a brief outline of the rise and progress of the American Philosophical Society, and of some of those associations which, if not the patients, were the precursors, of the Philosophical Society. Dr. R. referred specially and particularly to the Junto, to which Franklin so pointedly refers.

The memoirs and papers read at subsequent meetings of the society, will, when published among their transactions, contain a body of important scientific and other information, unexceeded perhaps by the reports of any previous meeting of the society. Nearly the whole circle of the sciences is included in these memoirs, and in history and antiquity, some new and curious facts are brought forward. We regret that we have not space to give some of the deeply interesting facts and theories brought forward; but we regret it the less, that in the usual order of proceeding, they will come before the public in an accurate and satisfactory shape.

THE SANTA FE TRADERS SAFE.

Ten of the gentlemen attached to the Santa Fe expedition of traders have arrived in this city, to make their annual purchases, which are usually made in Philadelphia and in New York. They bring with them nearly $400,000 in specie, bars and gold dust, and their purchases include almost every description of goods, of American and of foreign manufacture. The trade of the district of which Santa Fe is the centre and depot, grows every year more important; and the American interest in Santa Fe has done more to give us correct, unprejudiced, and neighborly impressions of Mexico than any other influence. It is manifestly for our interest, and for higher considerations than those of mere trade, to continue and increase this intercourse between citizens of neighboring countries; and it is the duty of our government to prevent the caravans of traders from being robbed by freebooters, under any pretext, particularly within the territorial limits of the United States.

It is, perhaps, unnecessary to state that the whole company of the traders has safely arrived in the United States. The freebooters probably followed, but declined to attack them, as they were fully prepared for such an emergency.

A REAPPEARANCE.

Our readers, says a Rochester paper, will recollect that, some eighteen months since, we published the exploits of a female who had been remarkably successful in Rochester and elsewhere in "coming it over" the "lords of the creation" in the matrimonial line, without exactly crossing it. She succeeded in duping several persons in Madison, Onondaga, Monroe, and other counties, noticed at the time. It was supposed that her career of deception was closed by the destruction of the Erie, on board of which she was reported to have gone as a passenger, at the time of its awful conflagration. But it seems she is yet in the land of the living, and as ready to deceive poor mortals as ever.

Recently, Mr. J. K., a farmer, for some time a widower, related to us how one M. A. W., a witching woman of twenty-five, coiled herself around his heart, representing that she had passed through great vicissitudes of fortune, but finally emerged from the difficulties, saving from the wreck about $2000, which she had safely deposited in bank. The short of the story is, that she borrowed of Mr. J. K. four hundred dollars, to go and get this money, and come back and marry him. She has forgotten to return, and "he is left lamenting." Heigho!

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Among the items of Literary News current, we find it stated that Mr. Cooper has in press a new border story entitled "The Hutted Knoll" which will probably be published by Lea & Blanchard in August or September. The scene, we believe, is in Western New York, during the Revolution. The work will in some respects resemble the author's celebrated novel, "The Pioneers," in its action and characters. The Pioneer was always our especial favorite among Mr. Cooper's Novels, and many a reader will be glad to hear that he has written another book in the same vein.

Dr. Harris, U. S. N., author of "The Life and Services of Commodore Bainbridge," is preparing a Memoir of the late Commodore Hull. We presume it will soon be ready for the press. Dr. Harris has access to the papers of the late Commodore; and what is better still, during his life he enjoyed his intimate acquaintance. The work cannot fail to be so deeply interesting as it will in its first sale and demand be extensive. The first biography of the late veteran will appear under great advantages, simply because it is the first; and we have every confidence that Dr. Harris's work will keep its hold on the public.

CURIOUS FIX.

The Boston Mercantile Journal says of a wedding in that city: "A couple of young lovers made all due preparations for a wedding at church yesterday afternoon, and after keeping a large audience waiting two hours it was announced that the interesting ceremony must be postponed one day, the parties not being entitled to a certificate from the city clerk till to-day." It strikes us that the young couple should have "gone ahead," and got married. The law of Massachusetts, which requires "publication of the banns," cannot invalidate a marriage performed without the publication, provided there be no other objection. The worst that could have happened, would have been the imposition of a fine, if any one had been malicious enough to prosecute; and it would have been better to run that risk, than to have looked foolish for two whole hours, more foolish for twenty-four more; and most foolish when the knot was really tied.

ANOTHER ESCAPE.

Since the transportation of the "patriots" from Canada to New South Wales, several escapes have been recorded. The last which we have seen is that of Mr. Louis Bourbon, a son in-law of Speaker Papineau, with whose name our readers must be acquainted. Mr. Bourbon arrived in New York last week, coming last from Rio Janeiro. He declines to state the manner of his escape, as it might possibly implicate other persons concerned. During the first two years of his exile, he acted in the capacity of clerk to the Government, closely confined, however; but at the end of that time he was permitted to enjoy the freedom of the colony. He proceeds immediately to the frontier, where he expects to meet his family, from whom he has been absent about four years, after which he goes to France.

OUR PHILADELPHIA ASTRONOMERS.

It will be remembered that some weeks ago we published the conclusion at which Messrs. Walker and Kendall of this city had arrived, in relation to the comet, lately visible—namely, that in its course it had struck the sun and bounded back. It is gratifying to find the observations and calculations of our townsmen repeated by foreign savans. The Philadelphia Inquirer of Thursday last, published a translation, by Mr. W. B. Hill, of Arago's notice of the recent comet. It appears, according to the French astronomers, that the comet only just grazed the sun, and in the London Times, of the 14th April, Encke states that he has found an *impossible* orbit, viz. one in which the comet would have to strike the sun in a direction passing one-third of the way to the centre.

NEWSPAPER THUNDER.

There is much reason in the surprise which Carlyle expresses, in the annexed paragraph, relative to the "vitality of man," and particularly that of daily editors:

"But indeed the most unaccountably ready-writer of all is probably the common editor of a daily newspaper. Consider his leading articles; what they treat of, how passably they are done. Straw that has been threshed a hundred times without wheat; ephemeral sound of a sound; such portent of the hour as all men have seen a hundred times turn out inane; how a man, with merely human faculty, buckles himself nightly with new vigor and interest to this threshed straw, nightly threshes it anew, nightly gets up new thunder about it; and so goes on threshing and thundering for a considerable series of years; this is a fact still to be accounted for, in human physiology. The vitality of man is great."

PENNY SOCKS.

The New York Tribune states that Mr. Arasmus French, of Springfield, Conn., has, after much labor and study, invented a machine which knits Stockings and Hosiery of all kinds of perfect shape without seam or blemish, with a rapidity and cheapness hitherto unparalleled. Each machine (says Mr. George Darracott, of Boston,) will knit *one sock per hour,* while one girl can easily tend *ten machines,* and *five hundred* machines may be driven by *one horse power.* In such case, though the Tribune does not say so, we suppose the horse power is to be kept under the table.

BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

There was a tremendous storm of lightning and thunder in Baltimore, on Friday night week, which continued until daylight. During the prevalence of the storm, the Patriot says, a vast number of birds were flying over the city, which, from the noise they made, are supposed to be of the plover species. The flight continued for several hours, and unless the birds flew round and about, there must have been myriads of them—for in all parts of the city, and in every direction, the noise they made was heard. Some of the birds were taken, and are described as a very beautiful bird, about the size of a robin, having a grayish plumage, and exceedingly wild and restless. It has been ascertained that these birds are a species of thrush, which winter in Mexico, and summer at the north of us, and usually make their flight in the night.

WEST POINT.

The Secretary of War, Hon. J. M. Porter, has appointed the following persons a Board of Inspection to obtain the customary information as to the discipline, course of studies, and general state and condition of the Military Academy at West Point. The Board will assemble at West Point on Monday next. Major General Winfield Scott, Brevet Brigadier General G. M. Brooke, of the Infantry, Colonel James Bankhead, of the Artillery, Captain A. Mordecai, Ordnance Department, Captain W. H. Swift, Topographical Engineers, Captain H. Brewerton, Corps of Engineers, Captain L. J. Beall, Rifle Regiment, Captain J. C. Casey, Subsistence Department, Brevet Captain W. G. Freeman, Adjutant General's Department.

THE TREASON TRIALS.

All the prisoners under arrest on account of the ate difficulties in Rhode Island have been released. Nearly all the men taken in arms were dismissed after a slight investigation. Of those who remained, the whole have been liberated on taking an oath of allegiance to the government, and giving their own bonds to keep the peace and be of good behaviour. Gov. Dorr has figured about in the immediate vicinity of Rhode Island, as if inviting capture, but nobody has taken that trouble, or will. The end of the whole is thus, as in all American precedents, in rebellion cases, is insignificancy; the best remedy. To make martyrs is to insure revengers.

MR. DICKENS.

In a letter to Mr. Clark, of the Knickerbocker, "Boz" says:—"When I resolved on ship-board, coming home, to write upon America, I solemnly determined with myself, that I would never read an American criticism on the book. Innumerable newspapers have been sent to me across the Atlantic since its publication. If there were any thing to pay, they have gone back to the post-office; if nothing, they have gone unopened into the fire. I have never once departed from my resolution in the least degree; and I feel the wisdom of it in my good spirits and good humor." Shocking! Mr. Crocker.

MORE GOLD.

Major John Dawson, recently returned from the Cherokee country, says the Southern Miscellany, exhibited to us, a few days since, two vials containing 375 pennyweights of pure Georgia gold, which he had procured in exchange for merchandise from the diggers. The Major informs us that thousands are engaged in working the mines, and that new and valuable mines are being discovered every day. One was opened a few days since near Allatoony, supposed to be one of the richest yet discovered. The mint at Dahlonega is coining at present not far from $100,000 per month.

IMPORTANT QUESTION.

The Bankrupt Law in New York.—At the term of the Supreme Court, lately held in New York, a question of great importance to persons who have taken the benefit of the late Bankrupt Act, came up. A suit having been brought on a promissory note, the defendant pleaded his discharge as a voluntary bankrupt. The plea was demurred to, on the ground that the voluntary branch of the act was not a *bankrupt,* but an *insolvent* law, and therefore not warranted by the constitution of the United States. The demur was argued, and will probably be decided at the July term.

PROFITABLE ROAD.

We see it stated that the Lowell Railroad, which, when projected, was calculated by an intelligent Committee to yield a nett income of only $36 000 a year, has by the facilities afforded by railroad communication, been increased to a nett revenue of $160,000 a year. It should be mentioned that this road carries freight, as well as passengers, and no inconsiderable quantity of freight too. It has probably the most thoroughly laid track in the country; and with such profits will have, if it has not already, a double track, by which many accidents are surely avoided.

THE PRESIDENT'S VISIT.

The President of the United States and suite are expected to arrive here on the 10th; on the 12th they will leave Philadelphia for New York, and spend the 13th in that city. They will reach Boston on the 16th. The Hon. Messrs. Legare, Spencer, Porter, Upshur and Wickliffe will accompany the President. The Secretary of War will, in person, inspect all the Eastern and Northern fortifications. Preparations, by preliminary meetings have been made for their reception in all the principal cities.

A FATHER'S REPENTANCE.

Thomas Moore, who, in early life, published some poetry under a feigned name, whose distinguished characteristic was sensuality, is said, in his more mature years, to have frequently expressed his sorrow at having written them. A friend once asked, "When did you first regret having written those poems, Mr. Moore?" "When I *had a daughter* old enough to read them," was the laconic reply. This is an excellent a testimony to the better influences of the married state, as we have ever seen.

PENNSYLVANIA CANALS.

Trade has been very active on the Pennsylvania Canals during the present season, and from the vast quantities of produce which are in the West, promises to continue brisk through the season. The amount of produce cleared at Pittsburg, by the canal, for the eastward, from the 8th April to the 24th May, ult., was as follows:—Flour, 47,004 barrels; Bacon, 9,185 134 lbs; Lard, 998 902 lbs; Cotton, 941,552 lbs; Hemp, 524,398 lbs.; Tobacco, 3,551,537 lbs.

MAPLE SUGAR.

The Montreal Herald says that the quick transition from cold to heat this year has been very unfavorable to the sugar crop, which is almost entirely a failure. In Vermont, where five million pounds are usually made, this year not a tenth has been produced. In other States, and in Canada, the like disastrous failure has happened. This loss will be seriously felt by the agricultural population.

MELANCHOLY RELICS.

Portions of the wreck of the Lexington, burned a few years since, in Long Island Sound, have been recovered by the use of the diving bell. The pieces of wood brought up were burned and charred. The search is to be continued; and the friends of those who perished by that terrible event, will look with much interest to see, if perchance some memorial of the lost may be recovered.

A THEATRE CONVERTED.

It is positively stated in the Boston Bulletin that the Tremont Theatre, in that city, about the sale of which there has been so much "backing and filling," for three months past, has been at last sold for *fifty-five thousand dollars,* and that it will be immediately converted into a Baptist Church.

THE NEW JERSEY MURDER.

Two or three persons are undergoing examination in New Jersey, on suspicion of participation in the murders at Changewater, Warren county. They are the nephew, and the husband of the niece of the deceased. So far however, nothing definite has transpired.

LOVE.

We have a sketch of Mr. Levin's lecture upon Love, which we are compelled to postpone a second time. If, however, we realise the fact thereby, that Love will keep, it will be a discovery exceedingly grateful to young folks in the honey-moon.

THE SHIPMAN FUNDS.

The funds taken from Shipman, at Terre Haute, Ia., consisting of notes, drafts, &c., have been forwarded to the Postmaster-General at Washington, to be restored to the owners, upon examination and legal establishment of their claims.

THE OLD ROMAN.

F. P. Blair, Esq., editor of the Globe, who has been on a visit at the "Hermitage," wrote from thence on the 14th ult., that he found Gen. Jackson, in point of health quite comfortable.

DEATH OF PETER LORILLARD.

Peter Lorillard, Esq., who has long ranked as one of the wealthiest citizens of New York, died on Tuesday, at his residence in Westchester, at the age of eighty.

General News.

Sad Occurrence—Explosion of Fire Damp.—The first explosion of fire damp, or carburetted hydrogen, which has come to our knowledge, says the Wilkesbarre Farmer, in the Wyoming region, took place at the coal mine of G. M. Hollenback, Esq., at Mill Creek, on Tuesday morning, and was attended by the most serious consequence to three miners, named John Wallace, Jonathan Simnard and Henry Powell, who were in the mine at the time of the ignition. All these were badly burned: Wallace most seriously, not expected to recover; Simnard very severely, and Powell only injured in the face, hands and arms. The mine was not worked on Monday, and there had been two days for the damp to gather.

☞ On Saturday morning last, two men called at a burying ground in the upper part of New York, and deposited a coffin containing a female infant for burial. On being informed that it could not be interred without a certificate from a physician, they immediately hurried off, saying that they would obtain one and return. Failing to perform their promise, the coroner was sent for, and upon examination of the body, the jury returned a verdict of death from natural causes.

Obsolete.—The Louisville Kentuckian states that Spencer, who was recently convicted of the murder of his own son in Hardin county, was on Friday week taken to the Church in Elizabeth to hear his own funeral sermon! On Saturday he was driven to the gallows, where he met his doom. The Kentuckian makes a mistake in calling this a "funeral sermon." It was probably but a revival of a custom more common in England than here—preaching to the condemned.

Come to Life.—Mr. Benjamin Webber, of Roxbury, who was supposed to have committed suicide last winter, and whose body so mysteriously disappeared after the Coroner had sat upon it, returned most unexpectedly to his friends the other day, alive and well. He had been to New Orleans, and went away so suddenly that he was unable to give notice of his departure. So says the Boston Mail, but we guess there is some kind of a Boston "hum" about it.

Decided.—The Pittsburg Gazette states that on Wednesday, in the United States Circuit Court, Judge Baldwin presiding, the jury rendered a verdict of $6,776 04 against David Lynch, Esq., late Postmaster in that city, and in favor of the United States. The claim consisted of various sums of money received by the defendant from other Postmasters and other persons, under instructions from Amos Kendall, Postmaster-General.

Cotton Manufactures in Mexico.—There are in the Republic of Mexico 53 cotton manufactories, with an aggregate of 135 000 spindles. They work up daily, on an average, 48,823 lbs. of cotton, and produce 43,760 lbs. of thread, which, when woven into cloth, &c., is worth $48,037. These facts we derive from a printed statement by the Director General of Mexican Industry, dated city of Mexico, March 28, 1843.

A Young Man Killed.—A young man named George Maffit, while running with the Friendship Hose Carriage at Lancaster a day or two ago, was run over by the carriage of the Washington Hose Company and immediately killed. At the time of the accident, he was endeavoring to avoid a collision, and had let go the rope of the Friendship, when he was knocked down and run over with the fatal result just mentioned.

Cheap Living.—A gentleman recently from the interior of Connecticut, mentions to us that the prices of produce there are unprecedently low. The best fresh butter, for instance, will bring only six cents; veal *one cent!* (calves ready for market may be bought for 75 cents!) eggs 8 cents per dozen; sheep with fleece on, from 75 cents to $1. The best of cows may be had from $10 to $15, and every thing else in proportion.

South Carolina Banks.—The Columbia (S. C.) correspondent of the Charleston Mercury says that it is at length well ascertained that the great Bank case will be decided against the Banks. A majority of the whole Bench of Judges will declare the law in South Carolina to be "that the suspension of specie payments by a Bank, will, of itself, work a forfeiture of its charter."

The Season at New Orleans.—The New Orleans Cresent, of the 13th ult., says:—Strawberries are gone, almost—peas look like the quadroons of the garden, and blackberries are for sale by the bushel. Look out soon for new potatoes, and watermelons enough to make six millions of cubic feet of cholera. Peaches upon the trees are an inch or more in diameter.

Frontier Difficulties in Prospect.—Complaints have been made that articles have been smuggled from Texas to the United States. It is said that large quantities of cotton, raised in the Eastern counties of Texas, have been smuggled into the United States, as the produce of Arkansas and Louisiana, to avoid the duty of three per cent. levied in the United States.

Dodging.—The blacklegs in Evansville have a house just on the line of the State of Arkansas, in which they gamble with the Cherokees, the Indians playing on the Arkansas side, and vice versa. Of course, when the officers come, they have only to change places, and laugh at their would be captors. Verily, civilization is doing much for the poor Indian.

The Assembly adjourned on Wednesday. On Tuesday evening, the motion to restore Rev. Archibald McQueen, deposed for marrying his wife's sister, was after a long debate, negatived. After finishing up the business of the session, much of it in reference to the next assembly, an hour was spent in devotional exercises, and the assembly adjourned.

Locusts.—The Charlottesville (Va.) Jeffersonian of Thursday, says:—"The seventeenth year locusts have made their appearance in this vicinity, and the woods resound with their music. They are no small fry either; the holes at the roots of the trees through which they ascend to this upper world, are from two and a half to three inches in circumference."

Culture of Silk.—Dr. Charles Stuart, of Breckenridge county, Ky., has manufactured in his family, during the present season, five hundred skeins of beautiful silk. The opinion is expressed in the Louisville papers, that in a short time the culture of silk in the West will be as common as that of flax now is.

☞ A new ship of 1000 tons was launched last week in New York, for one of the London Packet Lines. She is called the Victoria. Packets, it seems, still are built. Speed is obtained by steamers—but those who desire greater comfort, safety and pleasure, will still prefer the splendid American packet ships.

Mr. Wise, the Aeronaut, made his fortieth ascension from Carlisle, Cumberland county, on Saturday last, about half past 2 o'clock, and descended at Lancaster a little before 5 o'clock the same afternoon, having travelled through the air a distance of fifty four miles in less than two hours and a half.

Another Arrest.—A man named Marsh Holliday was committed to prison at St. Louis on the 15th of May, charged with participation of the late Treasury Note frauds. It is said that the passing of some of the cancelled notes has been traced to him. $12,000 in specie were found in his possession.

March of Credulity.—There has been a public discussion in Centreville, Del., on the authenticity of the works of Mormon. A committee from the audience was appointed to make a report, and they declare that the proofs are insufficient to warrant a belief in the divine origin of the plates.

☞ The stable and cow-house of Israel Collier, Brooklyn, L. I., was destroyed by fire last Friday evening. Two horses, twenty-one cows, and a quantity of hay, harness, and various utensils in use on the premises were consumed. The fire is supposed to have been caused by an incendiary.

Cotton Domestics.—It is estimated that within ninety days, not less than forty thousand packages of domestic cotton manufactures have been exported from this country to almost all parts of the world. The value is, perhaps, fifty dollars a package, or two millions of dollars in the aggregate.

Another Rogue.—Silas Burnham, of Toronto, U. C., has absconded, leaving his debts unpaid, and sundry forgeries to a large amount not accounted for. He is thought to have carried off about £6000, and is known to have passed through Buffalo, probably on his way to Texas.

Sad Accident.—On Wednesday afternoon while a colored man was engaged in sawing wood in Vine below Third street, a small child came and laid his head upon the log, which was being sawed, in such a manner that by a thrust of the saw it was nearly cut off.

☞ In Boston, on Tuesday evening, a quantity of cotton waste, in bags, which were landed the morning of that day from a canal boat, and placed in a store, after having been wet by the rain, took fire, by which two bales were nearly consumed.

☞ The Lake trade has, it is said, opened this spring, with quite a heavy rush of business. There is an immense quantity of produce for transportation lying at the western ports, and the prospect for an excellent business season is very cheering.

☞ It is mentioned, as a coincidence worthy of notice, that the coming anniversary of the Battle of Bunker Hill, and the celebration of the completion of the Monument, fall on Saturday—the same day of the week on which the battle was fought.

Romantic Death.—On the Canadian side of Niagara, a man who had backed his cart into the river to get a load of sand, was last week drawn with his wagon over the falls and drowned. One of the two horses attached to the vehicle escaped.

A Valuable Bustle.—When Treasurer Graves eloped, in female attire, in order to be fashionable, he had a bustle made of United States Treasury notes and State Scrip, amounting to $145,000, the amount which he stole out of the Treasury.

☞ The captain of a canal boat, who had caught the small pox, was put out on the tow-path, at Fairport, New York, by his crew, on Wednesday last, and left there to such fare as might hap, while they went on their way. The cowardly fools!

Singular Death.—As the steamboat Osage, on her way to Prairie du Chien, landed at Dubuque, I. T., on the 56th ult., a man who slept near the fly-wheel, happening to turn over, had his thigh bone smashed to pieces. He died shortly after.

Camp Frederick.—At the approaching military parade at Frederick, Md., the United States Artillery from Fort McHenry, under the command of Major Ringgold, will be present, and join in the duties and exercises of the encampment.

☞ The proposed Astronomical Observatory at Boston is secured, by the complete subscription of $25,000. One person subscribed $5000, another $100, the American Academy of Arts and Sciences $3000, &c. &c.

Heavy Loss.—On Thursday week, a gentleman on board a packet lying at the wharf, at Cincinnati, accidentally dropped overboard a package containing $6100, of which $240 were in gold, and the rest in $100 notes.

Horrible.—A parcel of wretches in the village of Valley Falls, Pawtucket, recently rode a woman named Taylor, on a rail! After she escaped, she attempted suicide. Can such demons go unwhipt of justice!

☞ The debt of New York city is $12,731,518.33—of which $11,358,624 is water stock. There are also, in addition, contingent liabilities for which the city is indemnified, amounting to $710,162.21.

☞ The Angelica Reporter, of the 24th ult. states that a destructive fire occurred in the village of Berwick, Alleghany county, on the 16th, which destroyed property to the value of about $10,000.

Breach of Promise.—At the recent term of the Common Pleas in Harrison county, Ohio, Esther Anne Davis procured a verdict of $2000 against J. Holmes, for a breach of promise of marriage.

The Gambler's Fate.—A young man named F. M. Peelpes, in Perry county, Ala., having lost, in gambling, eighty dollars, the property of other persons, committed suicide by shooting himself.

Sir Charles Bagot's Remains are to be conveyed to England in the British frigate Warspite. His widow and family return in the same vessel—a melancholy contrast to their passage hither.

☞ A man, named Leavitt, arrested at Plymouth (Mass.) for murder, on being arraigned the second time, adhered to his plea of guilty, on the ground that he was too *conscientious to tell a lie.*

☞ We learn from the Boston Journal that a member of a mercantile house in Charlestown, has gone out to London to establish an agency in that city for the sale of Fresh Pond Ice.

☞ The river at Cincinnati, on the 26th inst., was falling, and the large class of steamboats running from that place to Pittsburg were obliged to discontinue their trips.

☞ The British Boundary Surveying Party left St. John, New Brunswick, on the 17th, for Fredericktown, there to meet the American party, and commence operations.

☞ "Woodland Cemetery" is the name of a rural grave yard just laid out by some of the citizens of Dayton, Ohio, on a declivity overlooking that town.

Pennsylvania Colleges.—Marshall College, at Mercersburg, contains 175 students; Washington College, 173; and Dickinson College, at Carlisle, 155.

☞ Florida is rapidly filling up. Already it is supposed that nearly all the grant of 200,000 acres of land made by the Government is taken up.

Stewart, the villain who killed a wood-chopper with dogs, in Arkansas, has been arrested and committed for trial. He cannot escape hanging.

☞ A man in Brooklyn caught a dog the other day, stealing boots from his shop. That dog was trained in the way he shouldn't go.

☞ The Lehigh and Susquehanna Railroad was opened on the 23d May, to Wilkesbarre, with guns, cheers, and all that sort of thing.

☞ The Hon. John Quincy Adams was born on the 11th of July, 1767, and consequently will be 76 years old in July next.

A Grand Military Encampment is to be held at Pottsville, on Tuesday, the 8th of August next, to continue a week.

☞ The City Theatre at Louisville, Ky., was burned on the night of May 20th—probably by an incendiary.

☞ The amount of the last year's production of the Georgia gold mines, is computed at one million of dollars.

☞ The Cincinnati Water Works yield a gross annual revenue of $44,000.

Local Intelligence.

Taking the Delaware Division by Storm.—The books for subscription to the stock of the Delaware Division of the Pennsylvania Canal, were opened at the Exchange on Thursday, and—closed again. Such a rough and tumble, knock-down-and-drag-out rush was made for the stock, by the hard-fisted agents of softer fingered capitalists, that nothing could be done in the confusion, but to postpone the subscription. This, and the recent upward tendency of stocks, appears a little like old times.

Rioters Arrested.—Officers Cole, Wisner and Howell, of the Recorder's office, succeeded in arresting two individuals, named John Mulhollan and Henry Johnson, who are supposed to be two of the persons who assisted to break the Washington engine, on Christmas last. They had a hearing before their honors Judges Jones and Parsons, and were committed to prison in default of $1000 bail, each.

Sentenced.—In the Court of Quarter Sessions on Tuesday morning, William Stetler, Michael Kelly and James Richmond, convicted of passing counterfeit notes, were each sentenced to the Eastern Penitentiary for seven years.

The Last Day.—Next Wednesday, the 7th inst. will be the last day of the season for the sale of shad in the city proper. The penalty for selling them after that time is a fine of five dollars for each and every offence.

Smith's Island Baths.—By the receipt of tickets we are advised that the baths on Smith's Island are open for the season.

☞ The greater part of our local news this week will be found under the head of Religious Intelligence.

Army & Navy.

U. S. Schooner Grampus.—The rumor of the loss of this fine vessel is, says the Albany Evening Journal of yesterday, we rejoice to believe, without foundation. Letters received in this city yesterday, by the friends of Lieut. Gansevoort, state that the Grampus sailed from Norfolk on a distant cruise, and that no tidings were expected from her for some months after her departure. The story of her loss grew out of the supposition that she had sailed for the Gulf of Mexico, taken in connection with the fact that nothing had been heard of her since she left Norfolk, early in March.

☞ The United States ship Marion, Com. W. V. Armstrong, commanding, arrived at Norfolk, on Friday week, in 17 days from St. Thomas. She has brought home all composing her crew, with a single exception.

☞ The rumor that the United States vessel Boxer had been sunk by a pirate, is contradicted by the fact that the Boxer was still at Pensacola on the 10th instant, and was not to sail for some days.

United States SATURDAY POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

$3 per annum—$2 if paid in advance; $1,25 in advance for six months.

Postmasters are requested to *frank* their letters addressed to us. The word "*free*" of itself is not a frank.

Agents will please endorse their letters with their names or initials.

Other letters will not be taken from the Post office unless the postage is paid.

Papers discontinued only at the end of the current half year's subscription, and then only at the option of the Publisher if arrearages are due.

Small Bank Notes of solvent Banks received in payment for our bills.

Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They should always give names and time paid for.

Any person forwarding Ten Dollars current, free of postage, in advance, will be entitled to seven copies.

Removals must always state the Post-office *removed from*, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

LIST OF AGENTS.

☞ The following agents will still act for the Saturday Post, under the new publishing arrangements.

Nor will receipts from any other be acknowledged by us.

☞ TRAVELLING AGENTS for Graham's Magazine, United States Saturday Post, and Lady's World of Fashion—

☞ We have no travelling agent by the name of Winchester.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana and Michigan, assisted by *Moses Meeker, Jas. R. Smith, G. H. Comstock, J. R. Humphreys and J. T. Dent.*

SAMUEL H. STEVENSON, assisted by *James H. Stevenson* and *John F. Johnson*, for Kentucky.

HENRY M. LEWIS is collecting for us in Alabama and Tennessee.

ISRAEL E. JAMES is Agent for us in the South and South-Western States and Florida, assisted by *James K. Whipple, Wm. H. Weld, O. H. P. Stem, and Henry Platt.*

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE, collects for us in Pennsylvania, assisted by James Pierce.

JAS. F. EASTON is collecting for us in Missouri, Illinois, and parts of Wisconsin and Iowa.

ALANSON BILLINGS, of Nashville, Tenn., is duly authorized to obtain new subscribers to Graham's Magazine, United States Saturday Post, and Lady's World. *Single copies may also be had at his store in Nashville.*

G. F. THOMAS, 147 Main Street, Cincinnati.

Notices of New Works.

PETERSON'S BOOK—*The Artist and Lady's World united.*—Here we have the promise of a magazine of rare excellence. Mr. Peterson, proprietor of The Lady's World of Art, Literature and Fashion, has purchased Mr. Quarre' Artist, a periodical widely known for the novelty and elegance of its embellishments, most of which are in a peculiar style, the secret of which is known only to Mr. Quarre. By this union, Mr. Peterson secures the services of Mr. Quarre in the pictorial, and of Madame Quarre in the fashion department, while he retains the valuable aid of Mr. Sartain, whose mezzotints are acknowledged to be the best in the country. Such a strong card has never yet been in any publisher's hand.

And Mr. Peterson, if we judge from the present number, is disposed to avail himself of all his resources. The embellishments are decidedly the most varied and elegant of the month. He has first a mezzotint by Sartain, called "The Belle," beautiful exceedingly. Then follows a plate of Mr. Quarre which we scarcely know how to describe—it represents shell-work, lace-work, and morning-glories mingled in a singularly artistic and unique pattern, and surpasses anything Mr. Quarre has yet produced. The lace-pattern is new and beautiful, and the flowers are colored after nature. This plate alone is worth the price of the number. The third plate contains six costumes in the latest fashion, colored in the prevailing mode, making the most brilliant plate of the season, and *the only one published by any magazine for the month.* Mr. Peterson has been enabled thus to anticipate his cotemporaries in consequence of his new arrangements. We understand these fashions were published in Paris later than the time when the plates of other magazines are usually engraved here.

We have dwelt so long on the embellishments that we can give but a word to the literary matter. This is excellent, indeed better than usual. The tale by *Mary Davenant*, is a very fine one: so is "The Cousin's Protegee," "The Devoted Wife," and three or four others we might name. There is some good poetry in the number, especially a fine poem by Mrs. Stephens.

Mr. Peterson issues two distinct numbers this month, one for the Lady's World and one for the Artist, in order to close their respective volumes and finish the continued tales of each book. With the next number the two works will be united into one, under the title of PETERSON'S BOOK, or THE LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE. We expect something very rich. By the Prospectus, in another column, it would seem that if cheapness as well as merit can win subscribers, the publisher is determined to have them. He offers his work for $2 00; and his inducements to clubs are astonishingly great.

THE PORTION OF THE SOUL. *By the Rev. Herman Hooker. Philadelphia: a new edition—Herman Hooker.*—This is a little treatise, the full meaning and depth of which are by no means to be taken in at one or at many perusals. From the nature of the subject it is eminently a suggestive work; while it still gives form and distinctness to much that every Christian has before felt. "The Deity, the Portion of the Soul," would have been a better title for the work; for it is an argument to show that nothing but a union with the Creator can satisfy the immortal longings which move man's better and spiritual existence. And on the very immensity of the Great I Am, and the impossibility that any creature can ever fully understand the Creator, the author reasons: "Our capacities, as infinite beings, will never cease to enlarge, and to demand something unknown for discovery and occupation. It is part of our constitution to be dissatisfied with what is thoroughly comprehended. * * * * The soul will, in eternal succession, have something new to discover, something fresh to entertain and enlarge its powers, with increase of delight and understanding. We shall learn forever, and yet never be able to exhaust His fulness; the brightness of his glory will never be fully in view; new secrets in his immensity will be continually disclosed, and we shall never feel that we are approaching to a comprehension of the All in All. Who, by searching, can find out God? Who can find out the Almighty to perfection?"

HARPERS' FAMILY LIBRARY. *Philadelphia: Zieber & Co., and Perkins & Purves.*—When the Harpers' commenced the issue of this valuable series for fifty cents the volume, it was thought cheapness unexampled, as, indeed, at that time of higher prices, it was an exceedingly low rate. Now, that the prices of books, with that of every thing else has fallen, we have a re-issue of these works at *twenty-five cents* the volume; a price quite as low as that of any works in the retail market; and, when the character of the books is considered infinitely lower. The volumes composing this library are no mere ephemerals, to be read once, and then thrown aside, but are such as will be referred to again and again. And when one has purchased as they appear, the whole hundred and a half, or as many as he chooses of them, they can be put in a more substantial binding at a cost of from six to ten cents each book. This low price for binding cannot of course be expected where a volume or two is offered, but a lot of twenty or twenty-five volumes can be bound anywhere for that price. The works which have so far appeared are: Milman's History of the Jews, Lockhart's Napoleon, and Southey's Nelson, six volumes, and the seventh volume will this week be published, as one appears each week.

GEMS OF ART AND BEAUTY—*W. H. Graham, 98 Chesnut street.*—Here is the prettiest pictorial work of the year, far surpassing any annual we have yet seen. Thirteen mezzotint and line engravings, thirteen lovely faces and picturesque landscapes are enough to win any lady's heart if they are presented in the right way; and we take it that Mr. Graham will be besieged by those desirous of making gifts, or wishing to adorn their centre-tables. There is not a bad engraving in the book; and the whole is got up in the best style. When we say that the plates are from pictures by such men as Landseer, Woolnoth, Middleton and others of equal ability, we have paid the work the highest possible compliment. The price for the work is but ONE DOLLAR.

HOME; OR THE IRON RULE. *A Domestic Story. By Mrs. Ellis, Author of the Wives of England, &c. New York: Harpers. Philadelphia: Zieber & Co., Perkins & Purves, W. H. Graham.*—This is a well written tale, illustrative of a motto extracted from Lyttleton: "There is a great deal of difference between a good man and a good father: I have known bad men, who excelled my father in parental care, as he was superior to them in real virtue." Skimming its pages has convinced us that it may do a vast deal of good, and we commend it to perusal in every family.

THE LADY'S BOOK. *Philadelphia: L. A. Godey.* This number completes a volume. The embellishments are from two pictures, one by Sir David Wilkie, the other by C. R. Leslie; and a series of designs by Croome, illustrating a poem by Mrs. Hale, the "Angel's Visits." In the latter are some truly beautiful and poetical touches, but we think the general effect is a little marred by too elaborate distinctness in the mere ornamental work; which should have more of a shadowy character, to correspond with the subject; which, as a whole, is beautifully treated. Mrs. Hale, Miss Leslie, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Embury and Miss Lomax are the lady contributors, and of the other six we have Arthur, Durivage, McLellan, McMichael and others, one of whose contributions the reader may himself judge of (if he have patience to read it) upon the first page of this paper.

HECTOR O'HALLORAN, *and his Man, Mark Antony O'Toole. By Wm. H. Maxwell. Philadelphia: Geo. S. Appleton, 140 Chesnut street.* Mr. Maxwell is the author of Stories of Waterloo, and several other works of abundant incident, and great interest, from their off-hand and natural manner of relation. They are by no means deficient in what is called "fun," while in parts they have a deep tragic interest; and some of the descriptions of the terrors of war, and its cruelties, with which they are interspersed, are eloquent discourses against the horrid trade of butchery with circumstance and pomp. War is no less than that. This is one of the best books of its class, and may be had at different prices, corresponding with its "getting up."

THE DAYS OF QUEEN MARY. *New York: Harpers. Philadelphia: Zieber & Co; Perkins & Purves; J. H. Van Yorx.* This is a publication of the London Religious Tract Society, here reprinted, without alteration or abridgement. With one side in the great controversy now going on between Protestantism and the Roman Church, it will be a very acceptable and widely sought volume. We need not advise any reader of even tolerable acquaintance with English history of the character of the contents; and as regards the literary execution of the work, it appears to be done with clearness and care.

THE ECLECTIC MUSEUM, *for June. Edited by J. H. Agnew. Philadelphia: E. Littell.* An excellent number of one of the most substantially valuable periodicals of this description ever published. This number is embellished with a mezzotint copy of Heyden's picture of "Napoleon at St. Helena," and in quantity of matter includes 140 pages of every variety, historical, biographic, scientific, philosophical, critical, medical, satirical, political and statistical. Nor are the belles lettres forgotten. In a word, the publishers have given us in the June, a pattern number sufficient for a week's reading.

NEANDER'S HISTORY OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION, *during the First Three Centuries. Philadelphia: J. M. Campbell & Co.*—This work is publishing in parts, subject to periodical postage, as the numbers of a periodical, "The Biblical Cabinet." We mention this fact, particularly for the attention of country clergymen, and others, who may desire to obtain so valuable a work, (which by the way has never before been reprinted in this country) at a reasonable cost, and with the least possible inconvenience.

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER. This work, we learn by a notice on the cover, is to be peremptorily sold on the 29th of June next, at auction, in the city of Richmond, by order of the administrator of the estate of the late proprietor. In the hands of Mr. White it yielded a handsome revenue, and supported a high literary character—and we hope that it may find a good purchaser, and do as well in his hands. In the hands of a competent conductor it must do well.

LADIES' MUSICAL LIBRARY. *Philadelphia: Godey & McMichael.* This favorite work, for June, contains a selection of fashionable music, embracing waltz, march, barcarole, duett, aria, cavatina, song and ballad, each, of its kind, beautiful; and the collection, as a whole, presenting music for all tastes, simple and scientific, plain and recherche—sixteen pieces, original or adapted, at about one tenth the price they would cost in any other shape.

BRANDE'S ENCYCLOPEDIA. *Part 7. New York: Harpers: Philadelphia: Perkins & Purves, and Zieber & Co.*—This work will be completed in twelve parts, and we have now the larger half. Among modern books of reference it is one of the best, if not the very best general work which has been published.

THE LOST SHIP. *New York: Harpers; Philadelphia: Zieber & Co.* This is a novel by the author of Cavendish, founded upon the loss of the President—a cruel subject, be the novel good or bad. Such things should never be written while the generation to which the lost belonged survives.

BALTIMORE SUN.—We perceive that this pioneer of the Penny Press in Baltimore, has found it necessary again to put on a new suit. Its type often wears down into uncomeliness—its character never varies from even respectability, and commanding enterprise and independence.

STRIFE AND PEACE, *or Scenes in Norway. By Frederika Bremer. Philadelphia: Zieber & Co., W. H. Graham.* Another translation from the Swedish, of one of the most popular, and one of the most deservedly popular writers of the present day.

THE KNICKERBOCKER, *for June.*—Mr. Campbell has sent us the June number of this periodical. The editor's table is, as usual, various and sparkling; and the contributors have done their duty. The work may also be obtained of W. H. Graham.

THE LADIES' FAIR, is the leading story in a pamphlet made up of some of Mr. Arthur's tales, and published by Godey & McMichael. The stories in the collection are six in number, and among them Arthur's best.

GRAHAM'S DEPOT. From W. H. Graham, 98 Chesnut street we have several works which we have not space more particularly to notice, than to say that Graham has for sale all the current serials and periodicals.

CALEB STUKELY is the title of a thrilling and interesting story, just completed in Blackwood, and now for sale in a neat pamphlet edition by Zieber & Co., and J. H. Van Yorx. It will repay any body's perusal.

☞ Turner & Fisher have published already "a hull raft" of comic almanacs, for such a delight in not very refined wit, beside a batch of terrible ones, for those who doat on tragical tragedy with cuts, done on wood.

LORENZO'S INQUISITION.—The second number of this work is this week published, and ready for subscribers, as Number 7 of the Library of Religious Literature. J. M. Campbell & Co.

MEDICAL NEWS AND LIBRARY. From Lea & Blanchard we have the June number of their Medical News and Library—a monthly published at the low price of one dollar.

THE COUNTESS OF ST. GERAN. *Zieber & Co.* A translation from Alexander Dumas, and sure, therefore, to be thrilling enough in its incidents.

☞ W. H. Graham has received Hector O'Halloran, cheap and neat edition, and all other of the current popular works.

THE FAIR MAID OF PERTH forms No. 22 of Zieber & Co.'s edition of the Waverly Novels, just issued.

Religious Intelligence.

GENERAL ASSEMBLIES.

The General Assembly of the New School Presbyterian Church dissolved on Saturday last, the next Assembly meeting in 1846, in this city. During the session it was determined, as the Assembly meets but once in three years, to send delegates to other religious bodies only triennially. The matter in relation to a man's marrying his deceased wife's sister was indefinitely postponed. The subject of slavery, on which several resolutions were pending, was, by a vote of 66 to 33, left to the lower judicatories of the church.

In the Old School Assembly, which holds annual meetings, the matter of unlawful marriages has been for the present disposed of by the appointment of a committee of five to examine the subject, and report to the next General Assembly, after which the report will be submitted to the several presbyteries for their action.

Among the reports read we find one from the Committee on Publications. From this it appears that during the year ending April, 1843, the Presbyterian Board of Publication have printed twenty-one volumes of various kinds, containing in all 7,602,000 pages, besides 6,307,250 pages of new editions from stereotyped works. They have also published 1,751,000 pages of catechisms and tracts. The number of pages this year falls short of those published the previous year. From the Treasurer's report, April 1, 1842, it appears that the money in his hands then amounted to $7,187 43. During the year ending April 1, 1843, he has received in payment for subscriptions and donations, $6,610 57; from the sale of books, $12,050 34; making, in all, $25,848 34. The amount expended is $18,409 54, leaving a balance in the treasury of $7,438 80.

On the subject of the imposition of hands by the Ruling Elders in Ordinations, the Assembly decided yeas 122 to nays 8, that it is unconstitutional and inconsistent with the practice of the church.

The report of the Board of Education states that the supply of candidates is greater than last year. The number of new candidates licensed during the year has been one hundred and one, making the whole number, aided by the Board, one thousand three hundred and thirty. The number on the roll for the last year was three hundred and fifty.

The receipts of the year have been $30,000, which sum exceeds the disbursement by a few hundred dollars, and is an advance of twenty-four per cent. upon last year. The Boards, Committees, and other offices were filled by election, as usual, and the bi-centennary celebration of the Westminster Assembly was determined upon, to take place on the 1st of July, or some other day, during the present year.

ANNIVERSARIES.

This is anniversary week with the large number of philanthropic and religious associations of which Boston is the centre. In the other cities, these interesting meetings are nearly, if not quite all past. And now, the managers, and those interested, having compared the relations of their labors, are ready for a fresh and more energetic start in the good work. The observation of epochs in a man's life, or in the lifetime of an association, is like the division of a book into chapters. It facilitates progress and imparts new strength. From the experience of these societies generally, during the past year, it would appear that pecuniarily they have not done, generally, so much as usual. But, otherwise, public attention has been more than ever attracted to their great and useful objects.

The Religious Anniversaries in Boston commenced on Monday, with the American Education, and the Massachusetts Bible Societies. The following is condensed from the annual report of the Education Society:

The receipts of the society and its several branches, (excluding the central board in New York,) have been $23 961.96. Including New York and its auxiliaries, the receipts of the year in New England have been upward of one thousand dollars more than last year. The whole aggregate expenditures of the year have been $29,290,54; leaving a balance in the treasury of $4,423,79. The most rigid economy has been observed. The number of young men who have assisted during the year, is 468. Of this number, 304 are connected with the parent society; 109 with the Central American Education Society; 24 with the Education Society of the Evangelical Lutheran Church; and 31 with with the Board of Education of the German Reformed Church. The whole number who have been under the patronage of the society, from the beginning, is 3482. The number of new applicants for assistance, with a view to the ministry, is very small. Only 26 have been received during the year. Patronage has been withholden from six, whose intellectual promise was small. Eight of the society's beneficiaries have deceased during the year. One hundred and twenty-seven clergymen have died during the year in the United States. Thirty-one beneficiaries have completed their studies, and entered upon their ministerial office during the same period.

METHODIST GENERAL CONFERENCE.

The New York Methodist Conference, during its late session, chose the following delegates to the General Conference, which meets in New York in 1844: Nathan Bangs, Stephen Olin, Phineas Rice, Charles W. Carpenter, John B. Stratten, George Peck, Peter P. Sandford, Fitch Reed, Samuel D. Ferguson, Stephen Martindale and Marvin Richardson. *Reserve Delegates*—Laban Clark and Robert Seney. The Conference meets every four years, and is constituted by a delegation from all the Annual Conferences in the Union. It is the only body that can legislate on the doctrines and discipline of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

MARYLAND EPISCOPAL CONVENTION.

The Maryland Episcopal Convention assembled in Baltimore on Wednesday. The Rev. Dr. Henshaw, Bishop elect of Rhode Island, was appointed to deliver the opening discourse of the session; and much interest was felt in the speaker, and in the performance, as it terminates his connexion with the Maryland Diocese, in which, for a quarter of a century, he has been a distinguished laborer. The Bishop's charge was expected to be delivered on Thursday.

WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.

At the late M. E. Conference in New York, it was resolved, during the present year, to raise $20,000 to add to the permanent fund of the Wesleyan University.

REPORTED FOR THE U. STATES SATURDAY POST.

PLACES OF PUBLIC WORSHIP OPEN ON SUNDAY EVENING, JUNE 4th.

PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL.—Saint James's Church, Seventh above Market street. Saint Andrew's Church, Eighth above Spruce street. Church of the Ascension, Lombard above Eleventh street. St. Timothy's Church, Spring Garden street below Twelfth. Saint John's Church, corner of Brown and Saint John. Advent Church, (in Temperance Hall) Third street below Green. Emanuel Church, Marlborough street near Prince, Kensington. Trinity Church, Catharine street above Second. Church of the Evangelists, Fifth street above Catharine. Church of the Messiah, Fifth street below Carpenter. Saint Matthew's Church, Francisville. Saint Mary's Church, Hamiltonville.

PRESBYTERIAN—OLD SCHOOL.—Second Church, Seventh below Arch street. Eighth Church, Spruce above Third street. Central Church, Eighth and Cherry street. Union Church, Thirteenth below Spruce street.

PRESBYTERIAN—NEW SCHOOL.—Third Church, Fourth and Pine street. Clinton street Church, Clinton and Tenth street. Western Church, corner of Filbert and Schuylkill Sixth streets. Eleventh Church, Vine above Twelfth street. First Church, Northern Liberties, Buttonwood street below Sixth. First Church, Southwark, German street below Third. First Church, Fairmount. Hamiltonville Church.

GERMAN REFORMED.—German Reformed Church, Race street below Fourth.

DUTCH REFORMED.—First Church, Crown street near Race.

LUTHERAN.—Saint Matthew's Church, New street below Fourth.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.—All open on Sunday Evening.

METHODIST PROTESTANT.—All open on Sunday Evening.

BAPTIST.—All open but the First Church.

UNITARIAN.—First Church, corner of Tenth and Locust streets.

UNIVERSALIST.—All open on Sunday Evening.

DISCIPLES OF CHRIST.—Disciples' Meeting House, corner of Fifth and Gaskill streets. Congregation of Disciples, (Vigilant Hall) Race street below Second.

CHRISTIAN.—Christian Chapel, Christian street below Sixth.

SWEDENBORGIAN.—New Jerusalem Chapel, 4th street below German.

MORMON.—Meeting House, Julianna street above Wood.

MARINERS.—Mariners' Church, Water street below Walnut. Bethel, corner of Shippen and Swanson streets.

AFRICAN.—First Presbyterian Church, Seventh street below Fitzwater. Methodist Bethel, Sixth street above Lombard. Wesley Chapel, Lombard street below Sixth. Union Methodist Church, Coates street below Old York Road. Zoar Methodist Church, Brown street near Fourth. Union Baptist Church, Little Pine street near Seventh.

PREACHING ON BOARD A STEAMBOAT.—Sabbath afternoon, at 4 o'clock, there will be preaching on board the steamboat Kingston, lying at the upper side of Christian street. Seamen and others are invited to attend.

THE AMERICAN SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.—We have received the Report made at the Nineteenth Anniversary of the American Sunday School Union at the meeting on Tuesday last, at the Presbyterian Church, Washington Square. The total means of the last year, from all sources, were $68,200 88. Of this sum $55,895 40 were from sales of books, and $12,305 48 donations. Both these items are less than they were last year, but not so much less as the Society had reason to apprehend, from the extreme depression of all kinds of business and enterprise. The sales from books yield no revenue, as they are sold at cost, so that the fund at the disposal of the Union has amounted to a little more than $12,000.

EVANGELICAL SOCIETY.—The Foreign Evangelical Society held a meeting on Sunday evening, at the Rev. Dr. Bethune's Church, corner of Tenth and Filbert streets. A number of interesting exercises were heard, and the Rev. Mr. Sprague, of Albany, made a very interesting address.

AN OLD CHURCH.—The members of the Presbyterian Church at Newtown, Bucks county, Pa. have lately remodelled and enlarged their church building. The Philadelphia Enquirer says that this is one of the oldest Presbyterian congregations in America, having been gathered in the last century—more than a hundred years ago. Their present church building was put up before the American Revolution, and is memorable for having been the place in which the Hessian prisoners, taken at the battle of Trenton, were confined previous to their removal to Lancaster County.

HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY.—The Philadelphia Home Missionary Society celebrated their anniversary on Wednesday evening, at the Rev. Mr. Barnes' Church. Addresses were delivered by the Rev. Mr. C. D. Eddy, Moderator of the General Presbyterian Assembly, (new school,) the Rev. Dr. Cox, of Brooklyn, and others, with appropriate music by the choir.

☞ The Baltimore Patriot says:—"During the recent session of the Fifth Provincial Council of Catholic Bishops, held in this city, one of the measures adopted was to recommend candidates for the See of Pittsburg. In 1837, when the Council met here, the same subject was advocated, but until now, has not been acted upon."

FEMALE ASSOCIATION.—The third anniversary celebration of the Philadelphia Female Association, in aid of the Swiss Mission in Canada, was held in the church of the Rev. Albert Barnes, on Washington Square, on Thursday afternoon week. Addresses were delivered by the Rev. Dr. Tyng, Mr. Baud, and others.

PENNSYLVANIA BIBLE SOCIETY.—The twenty-third anniversary celebration of the Pennsylvania Bible Society was held on Sunday evening at St. Andrew's Church, in Eighth street, near Spruce. Several addresses were delivered, with other exercises. The Rev. Mr. Suddards was the principal speaker.

☞ The foundation is laid for the erection of a new church at the corner of Madison street and Pluver Alley, Baltimore, to be dedicated as a place of worship for the Baptist denomination of Christians. Its cost is to be between 5 and $6000.

COLONIZATION MEETING.—The Colonization meeting at the Rev. Mr. Jones' Church, in Spruce street, below Sixth, on Thursday evening week, was very well attended. Addresses were delivered by the Rev. R. R. Gurley and E. Cresson.

Political Intelligence.

MASSACHUSETTS.—The election of four members of the next Congress—or, at least, the trial for it—takes place in Massachusetts on Monday next. The candidates are the same as hitherto, except in the Essex District, where Robert Rantoul, Jr., has declined the Democratic nomination, and J. C. Stickney, of Lynn, takes his place.

RUMORS.—It is said in the New York Aurora, presumed to be authority, that Mr. Tyler proposes to recall several of the foreign ministers and charges, upon his return to the Capitol. He probably feels surer of the new Senate than he did of the last, but he may be disappointed, nevertheless.

ILLINOIS CANDIDATES.—Col. J. H. McClernand, late Secretary of State of Illinois, and Col. John Wentworth, editor of the Chicago Democrat, are among the Democratic candidates for Congress, in Illinois.

☞ George H. McWhorter, Esq., has been appointed by the President, Collector of the Port and District of Oswego, in the place of Thomas H. Bond, Esq., removed.

☞ A correspondent of the Northampton Courier argues in favor of the nomination of Daniel Webster as the Whig candidate for Governor of Massachusetts.

☞ The Richmond Enquirer says there is not the least foundation for the report that R. M. T. Hunter is going into the Cabinet.

WISE.—Mr. Cushing has declined the honor of a public dinner, tendered him by his friends in Norfolk, Va.

☞ Colonel Johnson has announced that he shall not again be a candidate for the Vice Presidency.

Notices of the Dead.

PETER W. GALLAUDET.—In Washington city, 17th inst., died, Peter W. Gallaudet, Esq., aged 88. Early in life he took his stand for the rights of his country, and shared in the battle of Trenton, and other distinguished actions of the revolution. He was honored with the special confidence of Washington. His untiring exertions in originating and striving to establish the Washington Manual Labor School is a proof of his noble benevolence; and the Howard Institution can bear witness how faithfully he devoted himself to the cause of charity. His whole life was a beautiful and instructive practical commentary upon Christian duties.

AARON HART.—The Pittsburg American announces the death of Aaron Hart. Mr. Hart was an early resident of that city, and long engaged in freighting, and the first to commence the regular steam boat business on the Ohio from this city. The "Pennsylvania" was the first of that regular line of boats which has been since so greatly extended. Previous to this in (1822) the freighting was done by keels, in which Mr. Hart was largely concerned, and a few small steamers owned at Cincinnati and Wheeling.

SILAS WRIGHT, Senior, father of the Hon. Silas Wright, Senator in Congress, from New York, died at his residence, in Weybridge, Addison County, Vermont, on the 13th inst., in the 84th year of his age.

☞ Hon. William Ruger, of the New York Congressional delegation, died at his residence at Watertown, N. Y., on the 22d ult., aged 48 years.

SANDS' SARSAPARILLA.—Light is the most important, the most sensible and striking phenomena of the universe. It affords the means of exalted and exquisite pleasures, and is the source from whence man derives the largest proportion of valuable knowledge. When decomposed, it is found to consist of the seven primary colors, thus proving the Sun the source from whence it comes to be the grand painter of creation. As light is to the physical world, so is health to the physical frame. Remove the one, and all is blank—take away the other, and man withers ere he blooms. As the genial rays of the Sun infuse warmth and renewed vigor into the vegetable creation—so Sands' Sarsaparilla infuses strength into the weak and languid frame. Daily experience shows results the most pleasing and unlooked for, thus gladdening the hearts of thousands who had given up in despair. Cures are recorded calculated to satisfy the most incredulous, and as "facts are stubborn things," they have only to be mentioned. Chronic derangements, cutaneous diseases, impurities of the blood, &c., are safely and perfectly cured by its use.

For particulars see advertisements in the city papers.

Prepared and sold by A. B. Sands & Co., Druggists and Chemists, No. 273 Broadway, N. Y. Sold in Philadelphia by S. P. Thompson, corner 5th and Spruce sts.; by Dr. D. Jayne, 20 South 3d st., F. Klett & Co., corner Second and Callowhill sts., and Frederick Brown, N. E. corner of Fifth and Chesnut sts. Price, $1 per bottle; 6 bottles for $5.

JAYNE'S TONIC VERMIFUGE.—Some medicines warranted to "destroy worms in children," are very well calculated to destroy the children too. This is not the case with *Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge*. It does not contain a single ingredient which can harm the most delicate infant, and yet it expels Worms from the system with a facility, and certainty, perfectly astonishing. Nor is this its only sanative property; it is a fine Stomachic, and in remittant and intermittant fevers has been administered with most gratifying results. Obstinate cases of Piles have yielded to its influence, and its tonic qualities render it an excellent medicine in the convalescent stage of all diseases. It is exceedingly pleasant to the taste.

Prepared only by Doctor D. Jayne, No. 20 South Third street, Philadelphia. Price 50 cents.

JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT.—No other medicine will remove mucus or pus from the throat so thoroughly as this. It effectually loosens the coagulated mucus from the membrane which lines the trachia, and at every cough the patient will bring up portions of the disengaged matter. In all complaints of the pulmonary organs, even where nature seems to be making no effort to throw off the disease, *Jayne's Expectorant* imparts vigor to the machinery of respiration, and enables them to disencumber themselves of the obstructions which had impeded their free operation. Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Pleurisy—in a word, all diseases of a pulmonary nature yield to this preparation, if administered in time.

Prepared and sold by Dr. Jayne, No. 20 South Third street, Philadelphia.

JAYNE'S HAIR TONIC.—A fine head of hair is an absolute requisition to female beauty. Even St. Paul, who certainly was no flatterer, says that for a woman to have long hair, is a "glory to her." To those of the fair sex, then, who have been shorn of this "glory," by general, or local disease, or other causes, we recommend as a restorative, *Jayne's Hair Tonic*. It is a fact established by unimpeachable evidence, that it will reproduce hair upon bald places, an effect which, although claimed for *all* preparations for the hair, has been, so far as we know, accomplished by *none*, except *Jayne's Hair Tonic*.

The Markets.

Sales of Stocks.

By the Philadelphia Board of Brokers, for the week ending Thursday.

		Price sold for.
3431 shares	Girard Bank,	4½a6½
305 do.	Wilmington R. R.	10½a11½
199 do.	United States Bank,	3a5½
100 do.	Mechanics Bank,	18½a19
94 do.	Louisville Bank,	80
74 do.	Far. & Mechanics Bank,	31½a33
55 do.	Man. & Mec. Bank,	14a14½
50 do.	Vicksburg Bank,	3½
35 do.	Washington Insurance Co.	4
25 do.	Planters' Bank, Tenn.	50
20 do.	Schuylkill Bank,	5½
20 do.	Union Bank, Tenn.	48½a49
15 do.	Schuylkill Navi. Co.	35
15 do.	Philadelphia Bank.	62a68½
10 do.	Western Bank,	41
10 do.	Man. & Mec. Bank, Pitts.	42
$47,150	State 5's, 185-, 59a64,	48a51
$11,299	State 5's, 1846,	50a58
$12,000	Tenn. 5 per cent Bonds,	80a81½
$9,000	Wilmington R. R. 6's, 1856,	71
$1130	U. States Bank Notes,	56a56½
$142	Lehigh Mortgage Loan,	60a62
$3000	U. States 6's, 1862,	114
$2000	Kentucky Bonds, 6's, 1849,	96½
$500	Lehigh 6 per ct. 1853,	35½
$500	Camden & Amboy 6 per ct. Bonds,	90

New Counterfeits.

Canal Bank of Albany, Albany, N. Y. 3's, letter A, payable to bearer, May 1, 1838; figures of justice on right and left end. Engraving roughly executed.—*Bick. Reporter.*

Philadelphia Market.

Grain—Wheat is scarce and in request. A sale of 800 bushels good Pa red at $1,05½ per bushel. A very prime lot of red at $1.10. Rye is in request. A sale prime Pa at 61 cts, a fair lot at 57 cts. Corn—Demand brisk and prices are 1 cent higher. Sales of several lots of southern yellow flat at 53, and Pa at 52a53½ cents; round yellow would command 54a54½ cts. Oats—Two cargoes of southern to arrive, were sold at 30 cts. Molasses we have no sales to note. Plaster has declined. Sales at $4,17½a? per ton.

Flour—Wheat has continued to advance, 400 bbls of ordinary shipping brands have been sold at $4.62½, and 350 at $4.75, at this last rate it is now generally held, with the stock light. Corn Meal—Sale of 300 bbls at $2.60, held generally at $2.62½, $2.56¼ offered and refused; Brandywine $2.75. Rye flour, $2.87½ was offered for it and refused.

Provisions—Prices of bacon tending up; sales of 4 to 500 hhds at 5¼ for sides, 6 to 6½ for hams, Duffield's brand for family use 10c. shoulders 4 to 4½. Beef—Sales of 150 bbls at $8. Pork not so brisk, holders firm at $10 to 10½. Lard—1400 kegs western sold at 6 to 6⅞.

Sugar—The receipts have been limited and the sales unimportant at steady prices. N. Orleans is in request with but little remaining in first hands. Whiskey—Sales in hhds at 20 cts, bbls is in request at 21a22 cents, with free sales, which is an advance.

Bark—For first No. 1 Quercitron $23 have been refused; $23 asked; sale of a small lot of Spanish at $9.

Coffee—But little done this week; sale of 100 bags Rio 7¼ to 7¾c.

Spirits Turpentine brisk at 40c; no change in other naval stores.

Cattle Markets.

Philadelphia.—Cattle—The offering comprised 850 beeves of which 730 were from Ohio, and the balance from this State, 346 cows and calves, 450 swine, and 753 sheep. Beef cattle were in fair request, and the offering was all taken including 233 Ohio for N. Y. at $4.50a$7 per 100 lbs for ordinary to prime beeves. However, sales were made at $5 70 for the latter quality. Cows and calves sold at $ a$12 for springers, and $20 a30 each for milch cows. Sales of Jersey calves on the Delaware at $1a3.50, and Pa do at the yards $1,75a$3 25 per 100 lbs live weight. Swine were dull of sale. 300 sold at $3 25a4.25 per 100 lbs. as to quality. Sheep—The offering not being large, prices advanced, all brought in were disposed of at $2.50a4.50 each, as in quality.

New York, May 29.—At market 1100 beef cattle, 850 from the south, 75 cows and calves, and 275 sheep. Prices—Beef cattle have receded, owing to the large supplies, full 50 cents per cwt since last week, and we quote to correspond, viz. $5 to 6.50 for retailing qualities, and $3a4.50 for inferior. 300 left over. Cows and Calves—All at market at $18 a $25 to $30. Sheep, all sold at $1,75 to 2.75 for lambs, and $3 to 4.50 for sheep.

Baltimore, May 29.—Cattle—About 400 head of beef cattle were offered, and prices show no material decline. The sales embrace 250 head at $5.50a6.25 net.

Trade and Business.

Boston, May 27.—Coffee—Demand limited; sales of 800 bags St. Domingo at 5½ cts. 6 mos. Fish—Codfish—Small sales of Grand Bank at $2,60. Shore cod $2.10 a2,58. Mackerel are selling in small parcels at higher prices, but few in market. Flour—Sales of 300 barrels Fredericksburg at $4.75a4.87, 500 do Georgetown $5 25, 4 mos. 200 do Baltimore city mills garlicky, $4.75 per bbl. cash. Genesee is in good demand. Sales of common brands $5. Michigan $4.87, Philada $4.62 a 4 68¾, 1300 Illinois 4 81, 1100 Ohio, part sour, 4.50a4.62 per bbl. cash. The market closes with a good demand and a small stock. Grain—The market is inactive for corn. Sales of southern yellow flat 54a56 and white 53 cts. and western white 51½ cents per bushel, by auction 5a 6000 bushels heated at 40½a50½ cents 53 lbs; sales of southern oats at 31a32 cts.

Baltimore, May 30.—Flour—Last settling price by cars was $4.50. No stock of city mills flour. It would readily bring $5. A lot of 500 bbls ground last fall was sold at $4 75. A parcel of Susquehanna is held at $5. Grain—Wheat is very much wanted, and the price today advanced. A sale of 1500 bushels very good Pa red for shipment at $1 08, a parcel of prime at $1.10, 2709 bushels Pa red at $1.10, a small lot of fair Md red at $1. Sales of Md corn at 52 a 53 cts for both white and yellow; Md oats at 24a25 cts. Whiskey. Stock small and prices advancing. No hhds in market, they would bring 22½ cts. Sales of bbls at 23½a24 cts.

Charleston, May 27.—Cotton—The week's sales reach 5530 bales, viz. 36 at 4⅞ cts. 2785 at 5a5¾, 2595 at 6a6¾ and 24 bales at 7 cts. Receipts 3390 bales, exports 4710, stock on hand 19,766 bales. Rice—Sales of 1906 tcs at from 1⅞ to 2 5-16 cts per lb. Exported 2306 tcs. Grain—5200 bushels Md and Va corn sold at 65a66 cts. 800 bds Phila and N Y hay sold at 75a85 cts. Bacon has been in request; supply limited; we quote hams at 5½a8, sides at 6a6½, and shoulders at 4½a5 cts per lb. Coal—A cargo of 125 tons Anthracite, Peach Orchard, sold at $6 cash, and a cargo of do. to arrive on terms not known.

St. Louis, May 20.—Flour and Grain. We quote from 62½ to 64 cts. Sales of flour have been made this morning in small lots, good country brands, for $3,50, yesterday it was taken freely at $3.37½, which perhaps is the safest quotation; there is little or none in market for sale. Lead is still looking up, and $2,62½ is readily obtained for large lots, and some small lots have sold at $2.65, holders are firm at the last price. Bacon—We notice a sale of a prime lot this morning on the Levee in casks at 3½ cts, hog round, the demand is fair, with an upward tendency on previous quotations.

Savannah, May 25.—Quotations—Inferior 4½a5, ordinary 5½a5¾, middling 5¾a6¾, middling fair 6a6¾, fair 6½, fully fair 6⅞, good fair 7, prime, none. Rice—Sales reported 365 casks, viz. 180 at 1⅞, 148 at 2, 37 at 2⅛, and 10 at $2¼ per 100 lbs. Exports 280 casks. Groceries. We notice sales from the wharf of 200 hhds Cuba molasses at 18c, and from store 75 bbls Baltimore Howard street flour at $5½ per bbl.

Cincinnati, May 26.—Flour—The market is quite firm and active. All the receipts at canal were taken at $3 33 on arrival yesterday morning, and we heard in the afternoon of sales from store as high as $3.40, and even 3.50. Advices from all points below seem to justify an advance. Whiskey is active, 16½c. Wheat—Between 5000 and 6000 bushels were received yesterday from St. Louis.

Buffalo, May 27.—The grain market opened briskly. A sale of 2000 bushels very choice N Ohio wheat at 90 cts to go to Rochester being an advance of 5 cts from the previous sales. Holders of good Ohio are sanguine, and refuse to close at lower offers. Illinois might be had at 87 cts. 500 bbls Black Rock flour was taken at $4 0½, some fancy Ohio at $4, and common brands $3.90.

New York City Market.—Provisions and country produce have been selling in the market for the last week past at the following prices: Beef per lb 7 to 9 cents, do per cwt $4.50 to $6.50; pork per lb 3 to 6 cts; veal per lb 5 to 7 cts do hind quarters per lb 8 to 9; mutton per lb 9 to 10 cts; Butter, fresh Dutchess co, 14 to 15 cts, do firkin 9 to 11 cts; eggs 14 for 12½ cts.

Pittsburg, May 27.—Flour sold early in the week at $3, subsequently at $3 12, and since 1000 bbls at $3 25. Grain—Sales of wheat at 55a60, and corn at 22a25 cts per bushel. Provisions—Sales of 100 hhds bacon at 2¾ a 3 cents for sides, 2½ for shoulders, and 5a5¼ cents for hams. Iron—Blooms sell at $45a46; sales of 500 tons pig metal at $18a20 cash and time.

Nashville, May 23.—The river is in good navigable condition. The sales of tobacco yesterday were to a considerable extent at improved prices; seconds brought from $2.50 to $3; crossed $1 50 to $1 85 per hundred. Alabama money is still further improved, sales yesterday at 13 per cent discount, and not much offered.

Chicago, May 19.—There were stored at the opening of navigation 180,000 bushels wheat, and 16 to 17,000 bbls provisions. The latter is destined to N York, and the wheat with some trifling exceptions is held for account of N. York millers. A sale of 1500 bushels at about 60 cts on board.

Rochester, May 25.—The market opens at 16 to 30c for clean American fleeces. We quote Saxony fleeces in good condition 25 to 30c, merino full blood 25 to 28, do half to three-fourths do 20 to 25, common to half do 16 to 20.

Richmond, May 29.—Tobacco—Receipts heavy—no material change in prices. Flour—Stock very light—sales last week at $4 25; holders now ask $4½ to $4.50. Corn 55a57½ cts, dull.

Augusta, May 26.—Cotton—The transactions in our staple continue quite limited. The quantity of cotton offering is small, and sellers and buyers cannot get their views together.

Georgetown, May 19.—Flour—Market unsettled with an upward tendency; last sales at $4.44 to 4.50. Demand still ahead of the supplies.

Alexandria, May 30.—Flour from wagons $4.25, and from store $4 50 per bbl. Wheat—None offering.

HEALTH OFFICE, MAY 27, 1843.

INTERMENTS

In the City of Philadelphia, Southwark, Northern Liberties, Moyamensing, Penn Township, and Kensington, From the 20th to the 27th of May.

DISEASES.	Adults.	Children	DISEASES.	Adults.	Children
Asthma,	1	0	Brought over,	32	40
Abscess of Liver	0	1	Inflammation of the Brain,	1	0
Asphyxia,	0	1	——Bronchi,	0	1
Aneurism of Aorta,	1	0	——Lungs,	3	4
Cancer of the Breast,	1	0	——Bowels,	0	1
——Uterus,	1	0	——Peritoneum,	1	0
Casualty,	1	0	Intemperance,	1	0
Croup,	0	1	Jaundice,	1	0
Congestion of the Brain,	1	0	Malformation of the Heart,	0	1
Consumption of the Lungs,	16	5	Marasmus,	1	1
Convulsions,	0	7	Neuralgia,	1	0
Dropsy,	6	0	Old Age,	5	0
——Head,	0	6	Palsy,	1	0
——Ovaries,	1	0	Scrofula,	0	1
Disease of heart,	2	3	Still Born,	0	10
Debility,	0	2	Spitting of Blood,	2	0
Effusion on Brain,	0	1	Tabes Mesenterica,	0	1
Fever, Congestive,	0	1	Unknown,	0	1
——Puerperal,	1	0	Violence,	2	0
——Scarlet,	0	12	Vomiting of Blood,	1	1
			Whooping Cough,	0	1
Carried over,	32	40	Total, 115—	52	63

Of the above there were 7 from the almshouse, and 14 people of color, which are included in the total amount.

By order of the Board of Health,
SAMUEL P. MARKS, Clerk.

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
May 21,	65	72	74
22,	68	74	75
23,	68	70	78
24,	63	70	68
25,	61	67	76
26,	63	67	71
27,	58	68	69

Our Mail Receipts.

We are daily in the receipt of letters enclosing money with the request to return a receipt by mail. We do not send receipts in that way. Every dollar *received by mail*, for the Post, is acknowledged as below. Subscribers will please notice this.

Subscribers living in the vicinity of a Post Master can call upon him and have their letters containing money *franked*, if the letter contains nothing but what relates to the business of the office. Many hundred dollars might be saved us, if attention was generally paid to this matter.

Receipts for the U. S. S. Post from the 17th to the 30th May.

May 17, received from			
W. Thompson	$1 00	W. B. Ely	2 00
J. Wise	1 00	W. F. Nagle	2 00
J. Cummings	4 00	C. F. Jenkins	2 00
J. Hoskins	1 00	M. Meredith	2 00
E. Means	4 00	R. Megowan	2 00
W. C. Ash	5 00	J. Gallagher	2 00
Miss L. A. Smith	1 00	C. Stout	2 00
M. Dill	2 00	W. P. Cooper	2 00
W. Gore	10 00	M. Cooper	1 00
W. McKean	2 00	B. Headley	4 50
D. Arnold	2 00	J. J. Gordon	2 00
D. Smith	2 00	B. J. V. Miller	2 00
May 18.			
O. Whitman	1 00	Dr. G. Mitchell	1 50
W. Shivers	5 00	B. Mooney	2 00
J. W. Conard	2 00	A. Buckingham	2 00
T. Tomlinson	2 00	T. Hopkins	2 00
J. L. Campbell	20 00	J. H. Thompson	4 00
B. Ambler	2 00	J. Wells	2 00
W. A. Knapp	2 00	Capt. G. F. Lindsay	2 00
D. Christy	5 00	W. Sayre	2 00
M. Grim	1 00	H. C. Anheuser	2 00
J. Leiberling	2 00	T. Marshall	2 00
G. Smuller	2 00	J. Marple	2 00
A. C. Thompson	2 00	Mrs. Cox	2 00
J. Price	7 00		
May 19.			
W. H. Eder	2 00	H. H. Hodges	2 00
J. Duncan	2 00	R. B. Walker	2 00
E. Williams	2 00	J. Longstreth	2 00
R. Jones	2 00	D. Williamson	2 00
A. Wilson	5 00	C. Harper	2 00
W. M. Sledge	2 00	P. Sherlock	2 00
A. Turner	10 00	E. Young	4 00
J. Strong	2 00	A. Patterson	2 00
T. Snyder	5 00	W. Miller	2 00
J. Mears	2 00	G. Elwood	2 00
W. K. Reiff	1 60	L. Jones	2 00
H. W. Massengale	2 00	P. Wolfensberger Jr.	2 00
S. Lower	2 00	J. Leadbeater Jr.	2 00
W. Savidge	2 00	Rev. W. Hilton	2 00
M. S. Bunting	2 00	W. Hays	2 00
J. Young	2 00	D. Thomas	2 00
J. Seaneff	2 00	H. F. Farnsworth	1 75
S. Merrihew	2 00	S. W. Melvin	2 00
E. Mustin	2 00	J. Julian	1 00
May 20.			
J. W. Bennett	2 00	L. W. Beardsley	4 00
J. S. Moore	2 00	W. Stoddard	1 00
P. Harrison	2 00	P. M. Houser	2 00
J. R. Johnson	2 00	P. Hannah	2 00
R. Dammon	2 00	Mrs. E. Wilson	2 00
J. Johnson	1 25	W. Pickering	1 00
J. M. Jeffries	10 00	J. Dunwoody	2 00
W. Russan	2 00	J. Garrett	2 00
P. Dodson	2 00	A. Shaver	2 00
C. Williams	5 00	T. L. Rodney	14 22
B. Wood	1 00	J. Taylor	2 00
S. Mumma	2 00	H. Willing	11 00
E. S. Emons	2 00		
May 22.			
Miss V. M. Reese	2 00	C. Karch	9 00
O. H. Quayle	16 50	D. M. Detrich	2 00
H. Aubree	2 00	N. Dean	2 00
Charlotte Hough	2 00	G. D. Thompson	2 00
J. P. Gillis	2 00	G. Barlow	2 00
L. Robinson	1 00	C. Connelly	2 00
Margt. Stevenson	2 00	T. Morland	2 00
J. H. Gardner	2 00	S. Hoffer	2 00
R. Thomas	1 00	M. Murphy	1 00
W. Ingram	6 00	S. Echelberger	2 00
H. Platt agt.	40 00	H. Daggett	2 00
Maj. J. M. Blake	2 00	Mrs. Downs	2 00
J. H. Nicholson	1 00	J. Norwood	5 00
R. Hinkley	6 00	J. A. Bell	2 00
R. Cowles	2 00	W. Ratcliff	2 00
H. H. Hoffman	5 00	C. Woodward	2 00
D. Reddick	3 00		
May 23.			
L. Carrley	20 00	H. B. Erb	2 00
A. McEowen	2 00	C. Whitman	2 00
Mary B. Haines	2 00	W. P. Hibberd	2 00
T. R. Fayle	20 00	W. H. Johns	2 00
J. I. Hance	2 00	G. Sedgwick	2 00
S. A. Marsteller	2 00	S. W. Hawkins	1 25
J. Baylor	2 00	D. A. Black	2 00
Abm. Starkley	1 25	J. K. Paxton	1 25
J. M. Rauch	2 00	T. A. Danby	23 00
L. Babcock	2 00	S. Rigues	18 15
S. Sharpless	2 00		
May 24.			
J. M. Nelson	2 00	J. Harris	5 00
E. Reeves	2 00	L. Banes	2 00
J. A. Murphy	1 50	Dr. J. Evans	2 00
W. Ford	1 00	Rev. S. C. Henry	2 00
F. Everett	1 00	S. Wilson	2 00
T. Wells	2 00	J. Matthews	2 00
C. G. Ryman	10 00	L. James	2 00
E. S. Beck	2 00	N. Pratt	2 00
S. Ermentrout	2 00	A. Rigg	10 00
C. Hastings	5 00		
May 25.			
J. Cheatham	1 50	E. Williamson	1 00
R. Lanning	1 00	M. A. Bertolet	2 00
A. Thompson	1 00	J. A. Gallagher	2 00
C. R. Hoober	4 00	W. Taylor	1 00
E. R. Bethea	2 00	J. R. Lawrence	2 00
C. Merry	2 00	R. L. Ridgeway	4 00
L. Frost	2 00	A. W. Myrick	1 50
W. Feather	2 00	R. Maxwell	5 00
J. King	5 00	E. Root	1 00
A. Brubaker	2 00	G. Brower	8 57
May 26.			
W. S. Torbert	2 00	H. Mead	2 00
Dr. J. Q. Williams	2 00	W. Kemp	4 00
W. Umpelby	2 00	G. D. Wall	10 00
R. Scott	2 00	A. Kerr	2 00
W. Stokes Jr	2 00	S. A. Gorgona	5 00
J. C. Reeves	2 00	R. Parker	2 00
T. K. & P. G. Collins	2 00	A. Urquhart	2 00
Cath. Thorn	2 00	Miss M. W. Crawford	2 00
Mrs. A. Duncan	2 00	W. Wright	4 00
Mrs. Lawrence	2 00	L. Parker	2 00
J. O Connor	2 00	Dr. M. Keene	2 50
C. L. Keen	2 00	J. Kilgour	2 00
May 27.			
J. B. L'Ecuyer	2 00	Wm. Ives	2 00
P. Hoopes	2 00	W. A. Thornton	2 00
J. M. Gray	2 00	B. Umpleby	3 00
E. T. Stickney	5 00	G. W. Savles	14 00
L. H. Green	2 00	C. Radcliff	2 00
S. W. Keyes	18 75	C. Styer	1 00
A. Carter	7 00	D. F. Goldsmith	2 00
D. S. Johnson	2 00	A. Hise	2 00
W. Belcher	5 00	C. Batull	1 00
S. M. Ott	2 00		
May 29.			
T. Bishop	2 00	J. Myers	2 00
U. Terry	2 00	J. Park	2 00
Miss E. Terry	1 50	T. S. Hollingsworth	2 00
S. M. Seeley	4 70	L. H. Willis	2 00
H. Thomas	2 00	L. Rappleye	1 00
J. Rice	2 00	T. L. Guess	4 00
J. Firestone	2 00	S. H. Curtin	2 00
C. S. Rankin	5 00	J. Nelson Jr.	[illegible]
R. P. Edgerton	2 00	J. Kirkbride	4 00
D. Goodall	10 00	R. S. Potts	3 00
J. C. Parsons	1 00		
May 30.			
H. M. Fetter	2 00	S. E. Rauch	2 00
J. White	2 00	Rev. A. Porter	2 00
Dr. J. Banks	2 00	G. W. Green	2 00
N. Sewell	2 00	H. F. Stevens	2 00
A. B. Gunn	2 00	J. Moore	2 00
B. Chapman	2 00	T. G. Atwood	2 00
E. L. Lincoln	2 00	I. E. James	3 00
W. B. Dana	1 00	J. Gardner	4 00
M. Wolf	4 00	J. Hamilton	3 75

98 ALL THE MAGAZINES FOR JUNE 98

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SNOWDEN'S LADIES' COMPANION for June, 3 " "
SARGENT'S MAGAZINE for June, 3 " "
PETERSON'S BOOK, Artist and Lady's World, for June, 2 " "
SEARS' NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE, 2 " "
THE KNICKERBOCKER for June 5 " "
CAMPBELL'S FOREIGN MONTHLY, 5 " "
DEMOCRATIC REVIEW, 5 " "
LITTELL'S MUSEUM, 6 " "
HUNT'S MERCHANTS' MAGAZINE, 5 " "
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PARLEY'S MAGAZINE, for youth, 1 " "

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ALMANAC.

June, 1843.	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES.	
					D. H. M.
3 SATURDAY,	4 40	7 20	6 29		
4 SUNDAY,	4 39	7 21	7 18		
5 MONDAY,	4 39	7 21	8 7		
6 TUESDAY,	4 38	7 22	8 57		
7 WEDNES.	4 38	7 22	9 47	First 5	9 26
8 THURSDAY,	4 37	7 23	10 42	Full 12	2 10
9 FRIDAY,	4 37	7 23	11 39	L'st 19	3 29
10 SATURDAY,	4 37	7 23	12 33	New 27	2 16

Married,

On the 29th ult. by the Rev. O. Douglass, EDWARD GODFREY, of Kent, England, to Mrs. MARY NASH, of Philadelphia.

At Congress Hall, on the 29th ult., by the Rev. J. G. Smart, Mr. WM. ROGERS, to Miss ELIZA ANDERSON, all of Baltimore.

By Alderman G. W. Ash, JOHN SMITH, to CATHARINE JOHNSON, both of the county of Philadelphia.

On the 20th of Feb. last, by the Rev. T. H. Quinan, ISAAC LOWER, to MARY A. PARKS.

At Lebanon, Pa. on the 25th ultimo, by the Rev. Mr. Greenbank, Mr. HENRY GILBERT, of Harrisburg, to Miss HARRIET, youngest daughter of Samuel Spencer, Esq.

On the 25th ult. by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. JESSE B. THOMAS, to Miss CATHARINE TAYLOR, both of Chester county.

In Washington city, on the 23d ult. by the Rev. J. C. Smith, DAVID S. TODD, Esq. of Philadelphia, to Miss LYDIA C. daughter of the late Wm. Hunt of this city.

On the 25th ult. by the Rev. Robert Adair, Captain CYRUS M. BRADBURY, to MARGARET, daughter of Joshua Search, Esq. all of this city.

By the Rev. Geo. Chandler, on the 25th ult. SAMUEL HYMAS, to ANN E. PAXON.

On the 25th ult. by the Rev. J. L. Burrows, Mr. AUGUSTINE WILCOX, to SARAH E. daughter of the late J. Minshall, all of this city.

On the 25th ult. by Ald. Joel Cook, Mr. CHARLES H. WARE, to Miss CAROLINE N. CLEAVER, both of Salem N. J.

On the 25th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Dorr, GEO. H. FLANAGIN, to ELIZABETH HAND.

On the 24th ult. by Ald. J. Mitchell, JOHN S. GOOD, of Philadelphia, to ANNA W. SHIVERS, of Gloucester county.

On the 25th ult. by the Rev. J. G. Maxwell, JOHN M'COMB, to HANNAH GILLIS.

On the 25th ult. by the Rev. E. Covel, Mr. GEORGE METZ, to Miss HARRIET HAFRAK, all of Philada.

On the 23d ult. by the Rev. Thomas G. Stewart, Mr. WM. MILLER, of Dubuque city, Iowa Territory, to Miss RACHEL A. GIBBS, of Gibbstown, Gloucester county, N. J.

On the 25th ult. by Ald. Jas. Redman, ISAAC HOOTON, of Waterford Township, Gloucester county, N. J. to MARY R. EASTLACK, of Camden.

On 6th-day, the 26th ult. ROBERT E. EVANS, of Del. county, Pa. to SARAH N. ALLEN, of this city.

On the 27th ultimo, by the Rev. E. Covel, Mr. DAVID ROBINETT, to Miss CATHARINE DAVIS, both of Wilmington, Del.

On the 25th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Moore, JOSEPH B. AND, M. D. of Lewistown, Pa. to Mrs. ELLEN B. KEAGY, of this place.

At Cincinnati, Ohio, on the 16th ult. by the Rev. J. T. Brooke, RUFUS KING, Esq. to MARGARET, daughter of Dr. Landon R. Rives.

On the 25th ult. by Friends' ceremony, before Ald. Joel Cook, JOS. J. JONES, of Thornberry Township, to LYDIA A. PLATT, of Newtown, Del. county.

On the 25th ultimo, by Friends' ceremony, before the same, ENOS V. GARRETT, to RACHEL HICKS, both of Chester county.

Died,

On the 30th ult. FRANCES ANN, wife of Emerson M. Marter, in the 27th year of her age.

On the 29th ult. JAMES THORNTON, in the 32d year of his age.

Suddenly, on the 30th ult. of scarlet fever, GEORGE TROUTMAN, son of Lewis M. Troutman, in the 6th year of his age.

On the 29th ult. of apoplexy, Mrs. M. BENNERS, relict of the late Capt. Jacob Benners, in the 76th year of her age.

On the 29th ult. Mrs. ANN, wife of the late Wm. H. White.

On the 29th ult. BENJAMIN MARTIN, in the 85th year of his age.

On the 29th ult. EMMA, daughter of Samuel S. and A. Kindich, in the 3d year of her age.

On the 29th ult. Mrs. MARY REWLEY, in the 63d year of her age.

At Reading, Pa. on the 27th ult. Mrs. NANCY O'B. RICHARDS, wife of John S. Richards, Esq. daughter of the late Joseph O'Brien, of this city, aged 26 years.

On the 26th ultimo, ELIZABETH CORFIELD, widow of Walter F. Corfield, in her 25th year.

On the 25th ult. MARY, widow of the late J. Myers, aged 80 years.

On the 25th ult. at the residence of E. Clapp, MARY E. JANNEY, relict of the late Abijah Janney, of Alexandria, D. C.

On the 24th ultimo, after a lingering illness, JOHN A. HAMILTON.

On the 28th ult. Mrs. SARAH J. BATCHELOR, in the 48th year of her age.

On the 27th ult. GIDEON C. BURTON, aged 17 months, infant son of Gideon and Catharine Burton.

On the 25th ult. Mrs. ELIZABETH RICHARDSON, aged 56 years.

On the 26th ult. Miss EMELINE DUGAN, aged 26 years.

On the 25th ultimo, Mrs. CATHARINE CLOW, aged 28 years.

On the 28th ult. ROBT. H. MCILVAINE, aged 7 months, son of Robert L. and Ellen R. McIlvaine.

On the 27th ultimo, Mr. PETER ULRICH, Jr. aged 42 years.

On the 28th ult. Mrs. MARY A. FAY, aged 30 years.

On the 27th ult. in the 6th year of her age, SARAH REBECCA, daughter of John and Susan Wood.

On the 28th ult. MAHITABLE S. WILSON, daughter of J. P. and Mary H. Wilson, aged 4 years and 7 months.

At Mount Joy, Lancaster county, Pa. on the 27th ult. SARAH, wife of Jacob Stauffer, and daughter of the late Francis Birch, of this city.

Suddenly, on the 23d ult. CAROLINE, wife of John R. Neff, in the 44th year of her age.

On the 12th ult. Capt. WM. HOLGATE, of Lower Merion Township, Montgomery county, aged 82 years, an old Revolutionary soldier under Gen. Washington.

On the 24th ult. Mrs. SARAH STARR, aged 50 years.

At Brooklyn, L. I. on the 19th ult. FRANCIS H. ELLISON, Master in the U. S. Navy, in the 52d year of his age.

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE U. STATES SATURDAY POST, BY E. W. CLARK & CO. BROKERS, No. 35 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, June, 3rd, 1843.

MAINE.	
Calias bank,	10
Agricultural bank,	–
City bk. Portland,	–
Lumbermen's,	–
Mercantile bank,	–
Stillwater canal bk.	–
Bangor Com. bank,	–
Westbrook bank,	–
Citizens bank,	–
Globe bank,	–
Washington co.	–
Frankford bank	–
All solvent banks	¾a1
NEW HAMPSHIRE.	
All solvent banks	¾a1
VERMONT.	
Bank of St. Albans,	3
Bk. of Bennington,	90 dis
All solvent banks	¾a1
MASSACHUSETTS.	
All solvent banks	¾a1
RHODE ISLAND.	
All solvent banks,	¾a1
NEW YORK.	
New York City,	½ dis
Tenth Ward bank,	fraud
North River Bank'g Co.	do
City Trust & Bank'g Co.	do
Globe Bank,	do
Wool Growers bank,	failed
Millers bk of Clyde	25
Far bk. Seneca co.	50
Com bk. New York	3½
Lafayette bank,	–
N. Y. Bkg. Co.	–
Dry Dock bank,	1
N. Am. Trust Co.	–
Bk. Buffalo,	10
Lewis Co.	50
Com bk. Buffalo,	30
All solvent banks,	¾a1
Country banks,	1 dis
Except bk. of Columbia, Greene Co. Hudson, Middle Districts, Plattsburg, Niagara, Wash. and Warren, Wash. Man. Co. Wayne County bank, Mer. & Planters,	Broken.
Delaware Co. bank,	fraud
Ex. bk Po'keepsie,	do
Portadam Manufac. Co.	do
Red Backs,	1 dis
NEW JERSEY.	
Mechanics' and Manufacturers bk at Trenton,	par
Princeton bank,	par
State bank at Camden,	par
Cumberland bank,	par
Mount Holly,	par
Salem Banking Co.	par
N. Hope D. Bridge,	30 dis
Tren. Banking Co. old	par
New plate,	par
All other banks,	par
Farmers and Mechanics bk of N. Brunswick,	no sale
Hobo. bking & G Co.	broke
Washington B'king Co.	do
Franklin bank,	do
Jersey City bank,	do
N. J. Manufac. Co.	do
Protec. and Lombard,	do
Salem & Phil. Man. Co.	do
State bank at Trenton,	do
Bank of N. Brunswick,	do
Mec. bk. Patterson,	do
PENNSYLVANIA.	
Philadelphia banks,	par
Man. and Mec. bk.	par
Moyamensing bank	par
Penn Township bank	par
U. S. Bank notes	45a46 dis
Girard do.	15 dis
Penna. do.	par
Germantown,	par
Del. co. at Chester,	par
Chest'r co. at W. Chest'r	par
Montgomery county,	par
Farmers bk Bucks co.	par
Farmers bk Reading,	½ dis
Easton,	par
Northampton,	80 dis
Lancaster bank,	½ dis
Far. bk Lancaster	½ dis
Lebanon,	3½a3¾ dis
Harrisburg,	4½ dis
Middletown,	4 dis
Carlisle,	4½ dis
Columbia Bridge,	½ dis
Northumberland,	par
Miners bk at Potts.	5 dis
Wy'g bk Wilk'sb're,	7½ dis
Pitts. demand notes,	1 dis
Towanda,	88 dis
York,	4½ dis
Gettysburg,	4½ dis
Chambersburg,	4½ dis
Waynesburg,	–
Brownsville,	2½ dis
Erie,	6 dis
Berks county bank,	70 dis
Honesdale,	1½ dis
Bk Susquehanna co	2 dis
Lewistown,	2 dis
Lum. bk Warren,	no sale
West Branch bank,	46 dis
Exchange on New York,	½ dis a ½ prm.
" Boston,	" "
" Baltimore,	½ dis
Specie,	par
Country Relief Notes	5 to 5½ dis
City Relief Notes	5 to 5½ dis
MARYLAND.	
Baltimore banks,	½ dis
Patapsco banks,	1 dis
Mineral bank,	1 dis
Frederichtown,	1 dis
Hagerstown,	1 dis
Westminster,	1 dis
Williamsport,	1 to 1½ dis
Cumberland,	3 dis
Sailsbury,	5 dis
Franklin bank,	20 dis
Susquehanna,	broke
Millington,	broke
Frederick County bk,	1 dis
Broken bks.	various prices
Balt. Ohio R R notes,	30 dis
DELAWARE.	
Bank of Delaware,	par
Wilmington and Bran.	par
Farmer's bk Delaware,	par
Union bank,	par
Bank of Smyrna	par
DIS. OF COLUMBIA.	
Washington City,	dis
Georgetown,	dis
Far. & Mechanics,	dis
Alexandria,	dis
Bank of Alexandria,	broke
Mechanics bank,	broke
Franklin bank,	no sale
Merchant's bank,	do
VIRGINIA.	
Bk of Va & branches,	1½ dis
Farmer's bk & brchs.	1½ dis
Valley bk & branch.	1½ dis
Ex. bk & branches,	1½ dis
Wheeling,	3 dis
Wheeling post notes,	3 dis
NORTH CAROLINA.	
All solvent banks,	3
Small notes,	3
SOUTH CAROLINA.	
All solvent banks	1½
Small notes	3
GEORGIA.	
Bank of St. Mary's	3
Ocmulgee,	–
Monroe R. R.	–
Columbus,	–
Phenix bk.	–
Exchange bk.	–
Chat. R. R. bank,	–
Central bk. of Mill.	–
Georgia R. R. Co.	–
Ruckers. Bkg. Co.	–
All solvent banks	2a3
ALABAMA.	
All solvent banks	15 dis
Small notes.	18 dis
OHIO.	
Cincinnati	3½ dis
Bank notes,	4 dis
ILLINOIS.	
Bank of Illinois,	70 dis
State bank,	63½ dis
KENTUCKY.	
Notes,	2 dis
Small Notes,	3 dis
LOUISIANA.	
All solvent banks	3
MISSOURI.	
All solvent banks	3 dis
INDIANA.	
All solvent banks	3½ dis
FLORIDA.	
S'rn Life & Tr. Co.	–
CANADA.	
Montreal	5

HOVER'S INDELIBLE INK.

Let those in want of a superior article, read the following:—

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GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE

OF LITERATURE AND ART.

NEW VOLUME, JULY, 1843.

EDITORS

GEORGE R. GRAHAM AND RUFUS W. GRISWOLD.

The second semi-annual volume of Graham's Magazine, for 1843, will commence with the July number. The Publisher and Editors, while expressing satisfaction of the extraordinary success with which their efforts to elevate the character of the periodical literature of the country have been crowned, respectfully offer a statement of their preparations for the Twenty-Third Volume. As is well known, no other magazine ever published in the English language, has presented such an array of illustrious contributors. ALLSTON, BRYANT, COOPER, DANA, HOFFMAN, HERBERT, GRATTAN, LONGFELLOW, PAULDING, WILLIS, WILDE, constitute, alone, a corps equal to any ever before engaged for a single work. An examination of our last volumes will show that these distinguished writers have all furnished for this miscellany, articles equal to the best they have given to the world. They, with our other old contributors will continue to enrich our pages with their productions; and several eminent authors who have not hitherto appeared in our pages, among whom are FITZ-GREENE HALLECK, DR. BETHUNE, JOSEPH R. CHANDLER, JOSEPH C. NEAL, RALPH WALDO EMERSON and others, will hereafter be added to the list. Of course therefore, all attempts to compete with Graham's Magazine, in its literary character, will be unsuccessful. In every department the highest talent of the country will be enlisted and no effort spared to maintain its present reputation as the leading literary periodical of America. Articles will appear in the Twenty-Third Volume from each of the following distinguished writers:

James K. Paulding, Author of "The Dutchman's Fireside," "Westward Ho!" etc. etc.
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William Falconer, Author of "Translations from Contemporary French and German Poets," "Residence in the Isle of France," etc.
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Gems from the Poets.

TO MISS M——.

BY MRS. FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

I know that thou art beautiful,—
In dreams I see thy face,
I see its dimples come and go
Like light in frolic grace.
Thy rich eyes steal before mine own
'Neath lashes long and dark,
And on thy softly rounded cheek,
The maiden bloom I mark.
And why is this? what wizard spell
Hath touched with prophet power
My fancy thus? a simple thing—
A tone—a word—a flower!
I heard thy voice—so gaily sweet—
I could not choose to guess,
The mouth that breath'd it wreath'd with smiles
Of playful loveliness.
It spoke to one whose tiny lips
To lisp thy name shall learn,
Though now they can but murmur soft
And answering smiles return,
In gentle words of love they spoke,
And I was very sure,
That all thy looks were eloquent,
With feeling high and pure.

I know that thou art beautiful,—
For thou hast told me so,
In a sweet language that I learned
Of Flora long ago.
Thou'st sent me from thy garden bower
The latest rosebud there,
Its blush was eloquent, its leaves
Were rife with meaning rare,
It told of virgin bloom and hope,
And modesty and truth:
Ah! what so fit as fragrant flowers
To emblem sunny youth?
It touched a weary stranger's heart,
That one she had not known,
Could give a kindly thought to her
In sadness and alone;
It 'minded her of days gone by,
When Love's untiring hand
Wove blossoms for her youthful brow,
In many a graceful band.
Ah! far away from home and friends,
That heart still warmly beats
With something of its olden joy,
When such as thou she meets!
And oft in future dreams shall rise
The eye and glossy curl,
The soft rose-bloom and dimple
Of the sweet-voiced English girl!

From the Monthlies.

FROM THE LADIES COMPANION, FOR JUNE.

CAPTAIN MILLAR.

BY HENRY T. TUCKERMAN.

"She loved me for the dangers I had passed,
And I loved her, that she did pity them."—*Othello.*

One summer afternoon, in the year 183–, an American ship of the first class was descried among the islands of Boston harbor, steadily approaching the city, under favor of a light breeze. The eye of an experienced mariner would doubtless have seen, at a glance, that the vessel was returning from a long voyage. To the view, however, of the various fishing parties in the bay, and of the few spectators who occasionally regarded her through a spy-glass from a distance, she not only appeared in fine order, but had an air of freshness and good trim that declared her under capital management. For several days, indeed, the crew had busied themselves to good purpose in garnishing their craft, to insure her handsome appearance on reaching port; and now the poor fellows had just finished putting themselves in land array, and, ever and anon, turned their sea-worn faces, with great cheerfulness, to the green shores which seemed to welcome their arrival. It is, in truth, one of the most pleasant things in the world to greet once more the stable earth, after a long abode upon "ocean's grey and melancholy waste." And desolate as that bay appears in winter, on an afternoon in June, beneath a cloudless sky, and to the gaze of men who had rocked on the waves for nearly five months, it seemed like an opening paradise. The mate, while he overlooked the preparations for a speedy landing, could not refrain from a low whistle of complacency, as he anticipated the delights of "going ashore." He walked the deck with unwonted buoyancy, and there was none of the accustomed sternness in his eye as he watched the sailors at their work. Indeed, he showed a marvellous alacrity and good will in lending Jack a hand where there was no necessity for so doing, which elicited a significant smile from more than one old salt, such a contrast was his behavior to the surly discipline *off soundings.* The excellent spirits of the mate were somewhat dashed, when, in one of his superfluous turns, he chanced to spy the Captain leaning over the bulwarks with the saddest expression of countenance he had ever known him to assume.

"A beautiful harbor this, sir," at length he observed, with a view to rouse his commander from his gloomy reverie.

"Very," was the laconic reply.

"Our pilot seems to understand his business, sir."

"Well enough."

"Is that Sullivan's Island, sir?"

"Yes."

These terse rejoinders did not pique the mate's curiosity, which greatly increased, when, on returning from the cabin after making his toilet, he beheld the Captain in the same position, gazing as dejectedly upon the lovely scene around him, as if the islands had been so many icebergs, and still wearing his sea jacket and tarpaulin. At length he ventured to intrude upon this protracted silence, with an inquiry relative to the ship's papers, and having fairly engaged his attention, determined to "pluck out the heart of his mystery" by a bold interrogatory. "Excuse me, Captain, but it strikes me as a little strange, that while I, who was never in Boston in my life, feel so glad at the sight of the State-House, you should look with such indifferent eyes upon your home."

"Sir," replied the Captain, mournfully, "I have no home."

The mate retired, but his inquisitiveness was changed to respectful sympathy, at discovering that so able a seaman and true-hearted a man, as he knew his chief to be, could survey the pleasant features of his native landscape, after years of absence and successful adventure, without a single association of joy. He recalled the devoted care which he had bestowed upon one of the crew, who fell ill during the voyage, and died at last in his arms, with his parting sigh, blessing his name. He thought of the brave self-devotion which led him to toil all night for a countryman in the East Indies, in rescuing property from the flames. A thousand instances of similar generosity rushed upon his mind, and he asked himself how a man thus overflowing with noble sympathies, and, strict disciplinarian as he was, idolized by his crew, and with warm friends in every port, should be so forlorn at home.

The ship was soon safely moored, and the Captain having very leisurely made the requisite arrangements, stepped upon the wharf with as little apparent interest as if he had left a ferry boat, and strolled along the busy streets, without a single glance of curiosity. He smiled meaningly, however, once or twice, when he was passed by some bustling pedestrian with a careless nod of recognition, plainly indicating how little he had been missed. At length, he was comfortably seated in his lonely room at the Tremont House, watching the "familiar faces" as they passed. "After all," he mused, "desolate as I am, it is better to have been a wanderer and an outcast than to have suffered my free soul to be cramped and clouded like many of these sons of Mammon." The Captain's soliloquy was suddenly arrested by the appearance of a personage, who seemed to excite in his bosom, feelings too deep for words. He became much agitated, and the object of his attention, happening to cast his eyes towards the window, manifested both alarm and surprise, and evidently quickened his pace, with a view of evading notice; but the eager gestures of the Captain, finally induced him to enter the house. "Now," said the former, ushering the stranger into his apartment, "explain this treachery. What a pack of cowards you all are! I overcame all objections before my departure, and placed in your hands ample testimonials in support of my character. You professed yourself satisfied. My slanderers withdrew. I started on my voyage with the happy conviction, that on my return, Adeline would be mine. This hope cheered my soul; her letters came regularly, breathing the deepest affection, when, just as I was preparing to embark for home, arrived that cold-blooded renunciation, which, I never will believe was written by *her*, and your brief epistle, as her guardian, ordering me never to see her more. Now, sir, I *will* see her. She shall confirm with her own lips, this cruel resolution."

"No, Captain," replied his companion, with some confusion, "it must not be. Adeline has thought better of her rash engagement. You were never designed for each other. She requested me to ask you as a man of honor, not to intrude upon her retirement. Her sister has married a clergyman since you were here, and they all live together. Unless you enter the house by force, you cannot see Adeline. I have done my duty, sir,—good evening."

Captain Millar had the misfortune, when quite a youth, to fall under the care of an unprincipled stepmother, to escape whose tyranny he turned sailor. Rapidly advancing in his profession, he had been for several years in command of East India ships, and was one of the most successful masters in the trade. The only being with whom he claimed affinity, at the outset of his career, was a sister younger than himself, whose affection alone served to attach him to the spot of earth where he was born. On returning from his previous voyage, he found this beloved girl quite ill, and exhibiting symptoms of consumption. He at once determined to remain on shore a year, and devote himself to her welfare. Among other remedies suggested by the physicians, was horseback riding; and every day of the long and dreary winter, he accompanied his sister to an equestrian school, where, sheltered from the elements, she could engage in this noble exercise. For this purpose they selected an hour in the day when the circus was least frequented. It so happened, however, that they invariably met a young and beautiful lady who came thither from a similar cause, and whose sympathy for the sufferer was immediately awakened. Day after day, the two ladies rode together, knowing nothing of each other except by name, while the Captain stood by, carefully watching his charge, and to his heart rejoiced that his sister's rides were made cheerful by so sweet a companion. One day, by mistake, the former was mounted on an unmanageable horse; a noise in the street frightened him, and he rushed headlong through the arena. The attendant sprung forward and caught the bridle, but the fiery animal dashed by him, and a moment only seemed to intervene between his lovely burden and destruction, when her brother threw himself before the horse, released his sister's foot from the stirrup, and bade her spring. In a moment, she was in his arms. It was the work of an instant, but so gallant an action had the effect to turn the attention of the only other lady present, upon the hero of the moment. To gain, even for once, the devoted regards of a woman, is half the battle. Adeline B——, was not only distinguished for beauty; her mind was highly gifted, and her modest graces were only equalled by her quiet independence of character. She had been sought, by what are called eligible young men, without a particle of success. They were attracted chiefly by her wealth, and she had the discernment to perceive, and the self-respect to despise their motives. A few weeks after the adventure above described, the fair invalid in taking leave of Adeline, after their ride, expressed her regret that for the present they should meet no more, as her health was sufficiently restored to enable her brother to proceed on a long meditated voyage to Calcutta.

"When does he sail?" asked Adeline, in a tone which betrayed an interest deeper than mere curiosity.

"To-morrow, Madame," answered the Captain, approaching her with deference, "perhaps you have friends there; if so, how happy should I be to attend to any commands."

"No, I thank you, sir; it only occurred to me,—that is—it seemed not treating your friends quite right to leave them so abruptly."

"My dear Madame, with the exception of my sister I have not a friend here."

"Oh, yes, one more," she replied archly, and holding out her hand.

It is easy to anticipate the result. Like Othello, "upon this hint" the Captain spoke. His voyage was indefinitely postponed. It was discovered that his sister's health, after all, required continued rides, and moreover, that as the weather became warmer, the open air was far preferable; and a happier party never explored the environs of Boston, than Captain Millar, his betrothed and his sister, during the early days of that happy summer.

When it was proclaimed that the fastidious, accomplished and rich Adeline B—— was about to marry a sea-captain, whom nobody knew, great was the indignation in the city of the Pilgrims. In certain fashionable circles it was voted "unbecoming a moral and religious people," to suffer the thing to proceed; and in others, declared "a burning shame" and "a perfect sacrifice." The next question was how to prevent it. Adeline had too much spirit to allow interference, and too much honest pride to be made the dupe of local prejudice. At length, a knot of malevolent gossips hit upon the scheme of opposing the match, upon the ground, of what they assumed to be the Captain's notoriously bad character. They exaggerated every weakness, and denied every fine trait of his disposition; they raked up, with the vilest assiduity, every peccadillo they could, with the least show of reason, lay to his charge; and finally, they suborned a vulgar woman to bring against him an action for breach of promise. When the storm burst upon the lovers, the injustice of the slanderers, made Adeline cling more devoutly to one who suffered thus for her sake, while the honest Captain took his enemies by surprise, by the promptitude of his measures. He proved the falsity of many of the accusations, others he frankly confessed; he produced the most triumphant evidences of his probity and faithfulness from the merchants, who had employed him. Those who charged him with mercenary motives, he challenged to repeat the insinuation to his face; and the lawyer who was about to institute proceedings on the basis of a lie, was effectually frightened by the threat of a severe flogging. In a month, the disappointed overseers of Adeline's happiness, retreated into surly acquiescence, and the Captain having witnessed his sister's marriage and departure for the South, embarked on his last voyage. It was prolonged much beyond his impatient wishes, and his enemies basely renewed their machinations, intercepted his letters, and persuading Adeline she was forgotten, until they wrung from her, when prostrated with a fever, the recantation of her plighted troth. Fortunately, however, they had not been able to induce her to form another engagement, which was the prime motive of their treachery. An acquaintance of Captain Millar's lived near the residence of Adeline, and from the shrubbery at the end of his garden, the dwelling of her clerical brother-in-law was clearly visible. There her betrothed posted himself on the day after his arrival which happened to be Sunday. Just as the second bell began to ring, the door opened and the minister emerged with his wife on one arm, and Adeline on the other. The Captain followed them, at a distance, until they came to a narrow side-walk, when his beloved, withdrawing her arm, fell to the rear. He stole to her side, checked her cry of surprise, and seldom has a walk to church been the occasion of a more satisfactory interview than ensued. When the minister looked from the pulpit into his pew, he was not a little astonished to see a stranger on such pleasant terms of intimacy with his pretty sister-in-law; nor was his surprise much diminished when, on the following evening, he found himself officiating at her wedding.

FROM GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, FOR JUNE.

STANZAS TO ——.

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

Oh! deep within my inmost heart
Thy treasured image lies,
Enshrined with all that's holy there
That death or change defies—
And yet my woman's tongue could ne'er
Frame words to tell thee thou art dear

No, woman's love is ever found
A silent, hidden thing;
Where hopes and fears alternate rise,
Like shadows o'er a spring.
That in some lone and silent wood
Is gushing in the solitude.

No, like the voiceless perfume breathed,
Where flowrets deck the ground,
That hidden in their verdant screen,
Else, scarcely might be found—
I would that o'er thy sense may steal,
The half, a woman's heart can feel.

The Humorist.

☞ "What are you muttering there about?" asked a tender father of a son he had just spoken harshly to. "Oh, let him alone," said the mother; "his eyes are full of the heart's *rain* (poetic woman) and his soul is *clouded* with grief." "It is, eh?" queried the husband, "his muttering there is a sort of mental *thunder*, I suppose." "Yes," sobbed the wife. "Well," was the reply, "we must expect *electricity* so I'll apply a *lightning rod.*" Thus saying, he took a trim piece of birch and whaled him in warm style.

☞ "Hallo, Jim, how are you?" inquired a young man of a friend whom he called upon and found confined to his chamber. "I am not well!" "Not well!—what's the matter with you?" "I'm in a predicament! How do you make that out?" "I have not paid my board these six weeks." "Is that all! Why, my dear fellow, you don't pretend to say that this is the cause of your illness?" "Yes, but I do! They won't allow me to go away till I pay my board, and they won't allow me to eat till I settle up!"

☞ "A little more animation, my dear, whispered Lady B—to the gentle Susan, who was walking languidly through a quadrille. "Do leave me to manage my own business, mamma," replied the provident nymph; "I shall not dance my ringlets out of curl for a married man." "Of course not, my love; but I was not aware who your partner was."

☞ A person preaching at Nantucket, said, "Every tub must stand on its own bottom."

A sailor jumped up and said, "But, madam, suppose it has no bottom?"

"Then it's no *tub*," returned she quickly, and went on with her sermon.

☞ "Resolved," said a politician at a public meeting, "that this community are in a state of unexampled destitution and unparalleled suffering." "I feel *great pleasure* in seconding that resolution," said a pious member of the church who was present.

☞ A bellman of a sea-port not one hundred miles from Whitby, in announcing a teetotal meeting, to be held in the Temperance Hall at that place, said that the meeting would be addressed by six females "*who had never spoke before!*"

☞ An agent of the New Orleans Picayune writes:—"I have gotten you a subscriber, and what is worse, he paid in advance; and what is truly incomprehensible, here is the money!"

☞ Within a few miles of Wilmington there lives a merry cobbler, whose nose is so very long, that when he takes snuff he is obliged to walk forward three paces to reach its point.

☞ "I live in Julia's eyes," said an affectionate dandy in Coleman's hearing. "I don't wonder at it," said George, "since I observed she had a *stye* in them when I saw her last."

☞ Some of the bachelors in the Ohio Legislature are for a tax on bustles! We never knew a bachelor yet that hadn't something to say against the ladies behind their backs.

☞ A clergyman being complained of by another for drawing away his parishioners on a Sunday, made this reply, "Feed your flock better, and then they won't stray!"

☞ The Boston Post is to blame for the following conundrum: "Why are bustles like historical novels? Because they are fictions *founded on facts!*"

☞ A man that would call every thing by its right name, would hardly pass through the streets without being knocked down as a common enemy.

☞ Why is the "head of liberty," stamped at the mint upon copper coin, like a hound? Because it is only valuable by being put upon the *s-cent.*

☞ A sharper, having observed that there was no knowing one's friends till they were tried, was asked if most of his had not been *tried already.*

☞ "A perfect state of beautitude" is defined to be that of a loafer, leaning over the rail of a bridge whittling in the sunshine.

☞ It is highly absurd to call drunkenness a beastly habit. Who ever heard of a beast that was addicted to tippling?

☞ Hard times! and we must make the most of what little we have—as the grocer said when he watered his vinegar.

☞ There is a man in Vermont who sneezes so hard, that every time he commences he pitches a somerset.

☞ Why is a lady's bustle like a rigit? 'Cause it's manufactured *to-back-er.*

☞ Do not enter a room suddenly, says the Spirit of the Age, where you know there is a young lady and gentleman sitting, busily engaged in fanning a flame. Of course not; if you do, you will stifle the flame, and be sure to meet with a *cool reception.* Isn't it so, girls?

☞ The New Orleans Picayune tells a story of a person who went into a tailor's shop, and asked if they had a jews-harp. "No," replied the Yankee tailor boy, "but we can *take the measure of your mouth* and make you one!"

☞ A fellow named Pancake, recently committed suicide in Indiana, because a girl, to whom he was paying his addresses, wouldn't have him. Poor Pancake! It must have been Ephraim Pancake.

☞ There is a man out West who makes a living by attending all the riots, and appearing as a witness. He says he has followed the business for two years, and finds it profitable.

☞ A grand jury of Indiana have presented the practice of dunning as a nuisance; being a fruitless consumption of time and waste of shoe-leather.

☞ Fellows who steal green peas in the market are called *pea-rogues.*

☞ When is a fowl's neck like a bell? When it is *rung* for dinner.

Choice Selections.

POVERTY IN YOUTH.

An English judge being asked what contributed most to the bar, replied, "Some succeed by great talent, some by high connections, some by a miracle, but the majority by commencing without a shilling." The same remark holds true of almost any calling or profession. A traveller who starts on a journey with a heavy load, or too much baggage, is much less likely to get on with comfort to himself, and success in his enterprise, than he who forbears to encumber himself.

Poverty is a sharpener of the wits, and an incentive to exertion. No man who has the requisites for success—and every man is fit for something—is apt to let his talents lie in a napkin, if the exercise of them is necessary to his pecuniary support and comfort. If, however, he commences with property sufficient to defer the business of life—to slight the duties which he should perform in the community, the chance is, that when the hour of necessity arrives, he will find himself unfitted by slothful habits and neglected opportunities. The occurrence of these consequences may be recalled to any reader's mind by a recollection of the history of the rich men and the poor men among his acquaintances. Many a poor lad is enabled, by the changes and chances of fortune, to befriend in his need the man who was his rich schoolmate.

There are many rich people in the world who have themselves no idea what they are good for—and whose friends have never thoroughly found them out—we mean the rich by inheritance. Maria Edgeworth, whose works were very popular fourteen or fifteen years ago, and ought to be more widely read now, has an excellent story, among her other excellent works, entitled "Ennui." The reader of fiction, if he is not already familiar with it, may hunt it. With that and the other novellettes of the same writer, time may be both pleasantly and profitably employed. Meanwhile, as the incidents are apposite to our argument, we will briefly relate them from the recollections of a perusal fourteen years ago.

The subject of the sketch—the victim of ennui is a rich Irish resident landholder, whose time hangs awfully heavy on his hands. Having no inducement or incentive to occupation, he is a mere blank in creation, and his restless existence is a positive burthen to himself. He is accounted by his acquaintance a negatively good, harmless, useless, individual, who might shuffle off his mortal coil, and the world suffer no loss by it. So he vegetated for a number of years, in possession of his property, until be accidentally discovered that the estate of which he was in possession—not enjoyment—was not his own. The foster mother of the real heir had changed infants with the owner of the estate, and given him her child, instead of his own. Conscience would not permit him to remain in property acquired by his mother's fraud, and he lost no time in putting the real owner in possession, and lanching forth himself, at middle age, into the world penniless. The dross of wealth removed, the man shone out. Industry, talent and application gave him wealth and character, and by the time the real heir had exhausted his suddenly acquired property, and killed himself in revelling in the enjoyment of uncultivated tastes, and low dissipation, our victim of ennui was ready to re-purchase and enjoy the estate which he had so magnanimously surrendered.

To his second possession he brought an acquaintance with himself, and with his own powers. He had acquired habits of employment, and knew how to devote his time with usefulness to his fellows, and occupation and happiness to himself. Ennui was a word no longer in his vocabulary. He had learned "the uses of the world;" and to him they no longer seemed "weary, stale, flat and unprofitable." It is those only who do not understand the world, and mix in it with a clear conscience that it does seem so little worth caring about. The guilty may be sick of it—for its events remind them continually of their own bad passages. The weary of pleasure—the sated with enjoyment may cry out that all is vanity, and the ascetic may affect to regard the world which God made and pronounced good, not good enough for them. But the true christian and philanthropist—the observer of men, of manners, and of nature, will always deem existence a boon worth thanking Heaven for. But we are wandering from the subject.

The experience of the suddenly enriched peasant, in the tale to which we have referred, shows the danger of wealth coming to the possessor by surprise. Riches are not wealth unless they are earned dollar by dollar. The Eastern sage was right who preferred that riches should come drop by drop, rather than that the golden stream should be quick and violent. There are men about town—we meet them daily in the streets—who have been rich, and now are poor, in purse, in mind, in character. An unexpectedly fortunate turn to a speculation, a bequest of property from the dead, or perchance a lucky venture in a lottery, has made them wealthy beyond their former conceptions, and almost beyond their desires. Money thus acquired by accident is seldom, except by accident, retained; and as the purse runs out, the man runs out with it. Of course, in this connexion, we do not intend to allude to those whom the chances of trade have rendered unfortunate. Honestly losing their means, they do not lose themselves with their property—but may be, like the hero of Miss Edgeworth's story, better men for being poorer.

The desire to obtain property is honest and laudable. Honestly and laudably followed, it brings an improvement of the man with the acquisition of every dollar. The *passion* for acquisition is another trait of character altogether, and degenerates to avarice. The desire, followed in moderation, makes great from our little men—the passion indulged to excess belittles our great ones.

Musical Affectations.—Affectation is now-a-days the bane of social music. And so it is. Your city bred Miss, following the teachings of her instructor, does not permit her friends to hear, or rather to understand, more than half the words in a song. Some of them are butchered on her lips; some of them come forth clipped of their proportions in such wise that you know them not; others are murdered in her thorax. This is not her fault—for she learns and sings "according to the mode"—therefore her tenderness is *affetuoso*, and her feeling second hand. If she visit the Theatre, she will hear ladies and gentlemen applauded to the echo, who, if they read a song with the pronunciation with which they sung it, would be hissed out of sight in a moment. For example, I have heard a fashionable female vocalist, whose name I have unmentioned, sing Black-Eyed Susan with a pronunciation exactly as expressed in the stanza below:

"Yole'd in the Dumes the' yit was moored,—
Tha' sydrimores wa-iving to tha wound,
W'en *blackguard Zuezin* kim on to awd
Say sur shall E me fr r rew lev fund!
Tell me, e-ye jovivl Zodars, tell me e-ir rew—
Does e-ay sweet William sale am' ung e-yer cr rew!"

Now why is it that such errors are tolerated!—and that they are *imitated?* The musical old gentleman in Salmagundi, who worked several summers in producing a change in the chimes of Trinity church bells, so that instead of going *di do ding dong*, they might go *ding dong di do*, was far better employed than the masters or the vocalists who inculcate affectation. Let us have *sincerity in music.* It is, of all things, the sweetest and most acceptable. Let the ear have its honestly desired fruition of harmony, and not be mocked with the shadow of music and feeling, when the substance is wanting.

TIMES GO BY TURNS.

The following was written some two centuries and a half since, by Robert Southwell, an English Jesuit. It belongs to what may be called philosophic poetry, and, to us, appears to possess high merit. Smoother versification we have never seen.

"The lopped tree in time may grow again,
Most naked plants renew both fruit and flower;
The sorriest wight may find relief from pain,
The driest soil suck in some moistening shower.
Times go by turns, and chances change by course,
From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.

"The sea of fortune doth not ever flow,
She draws her favors to the lowest ebb;
Her tides have equal times to come and go,
Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest web.
No joy so great but runneth to an end,
No hap so hard but may in fine amend.

"Not always fall of leaf, nor ever spring,
No endless night, nor yet eternal day;
The saddest birds a season find to sing,
The roughest storms a calm may soon allay;
Thus with succeeding turns God tempereth all,
That man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall.

"A chance may win that by mischance was lost;
That net that holds no great, takes little fish;
In some things all, in all things none are crossed,
Few all they need, but none have all they wish.
Unmingled joys here to no man befal,
Who least hath some, who most hath never all."

Not Altogether New.—The modern phrenologists claim to be the first who examined the scull for wisdom. Lavater, the physiognomist, took the top of the head as much into account as modern phrenologists do the face, if they would acknowledge it. Nor was he behind the phrenologists in impudence—for it is related of him, that when upon one occasion he visited a distinguished character with his son, he jumped up and pulled off his host's wig without previous warning. "Look Henry," said he, "wherever you behold a head like that, there learn wisdom."

A Monkey's Memory.—Authors generally seem to think that the monkey race are not capable of retaining last impressions; but their memory is remarkably tenacious, when striking events call it into action. A monkey which was permitted to run free, had frequently seen the men servants in the great country kitchen, with its huge fire-place, take down a powder horn which stood on the chimney-piece, and throw a few grains into the fire, to make Jemima and the rest of the maids jump and scream, which they always did on such occasions very prettily. Pug watched his opportunity, and when all was still, and he had the kitchen to himself, he clambered up, got possession of the well filled powder horn, placed himself very gingerly on one of the horizontal wheels placed for the support of the saucepans, right over the waning ashes of an almost extinguished wood fire, and screwed off the top of the horn, and reversed it over the grate. The explosion sent him half way up the chimney. Before he was blown up he was a snug, trim, well conditioned monkey as you would wish to see on a summer's day; he came down a carbonadoed nigger in miniature, in an avalanche of burning soot. The a-plomb with which he pitched upon the hot ashes in the grate, in the midst of a general flare up, aroused him to a sense of his condition. He was missing for days. Hunger at last drove him forth, and he sneaked into the house, close singed, begrimed, and looking scared and devilish. He recovered with care, but, like some other great personages, he never got over his sudden elevation and fall, but became a sadder, if not a wiser monkey. If ever Pug forgot himself and was troublesome, you had only to take down a powder horn in his presence, and he was off to his hole like a shot, screaming and clattering his jaws like a pair of castanets.

Better Days.—Better days are like Hebrew verbs—they have no present tense; they are of the past or future only. "All that's bright must fade," says Tom Moore. Very likely: and so must all that's not bright. To hear some people talk, you would imagine that there was no month in the year except November, and that the leaves had nothing else to do than fall off the trees. And, to refer again to Tom Moore's song of the "Stars that shine and fall," one might suppose that, by this time, all the stars in heaven had been blown out, like so many farthing candles in a show booth; and as for flowers and leaves, if they go away it is only to make room for new ones. There are as many stars in heaven as ever there were in the memory of man, and as many flowers on earth, too; and perhaps more in England, for we are always making fresh importations. Some croakers remind one of the boy who said that his grandmother went up stairs nineteen times a day, and never came down again. Or, to seek for another resemblance, they may be likened to the Irish grave-digger, who was seen one night looking about the church yard, with a lantern in his hand. "What have you lost, Pat?" "Oh! I've lost my lantern!" "You have your lantern in your hand." "Oh! but this is a lantern I've found, it is not the lantern I've lost!" Thus it is with men in general; they think more of the lantern they have lost, than of the lantern they have found.

FROM THE NEW MIRROR.

TO HELEN IN A HUFF.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

Nay, lady, one frown is enough
In a life as soon over as this—
And though minutes seem long in a huff
They're minutes 'tis pity to miss!
The smiles you imprison so lightly
Are reckon'd, like days in eclipse;
And though you may smile again brightly,
You've lost so much light from your lips!
Pray, lady, smile!

The cup that is longest untasted
May be with your bliss running o'er,
And, love when we will, we have wasted
An age in not loving before!
Perchance Cupid's forging a fetter
To tie us together some day,
And, just for the chance, we had better
Be laying up love, I should say!
Nay, lady, smile!

Criticism.

THE GRAHAM WRITERS.

BY JOHN NEAL.

We copy the following spirited and faithful criticisms of the June number of "*Graham's Magazine*"—or rather of the "*Writers*" for the June number—from the "*Brother Jonathan*" of last week. We give place to it simply, because it is in fine contrast to the eulogy *ad nauseum*, and censure in discriminating, which mark the notices of *Original American Articles* in nine-tenths of the newspapers of the United States. It is refreshing to see occasionally, a frank and hearty expression of sentiment like the following; and it affords to the writers themselves, a fair opportunity of judging what is thought of them by one of their number, capable of a fearless and manly expression of sentiment.—*Editor U. S. Saturday Post.*

Taking them in the order they appear upon the cover for June, we have first and foremost, *James K. Paulding*—otherwise called, by the Graham editors no doubt, for these editors are brimful of inward reverence for A. B. C.'s and titles—the *Hon.* James K. Paulding. Here is a man now with a strong heart, a warm heart and a bold free pen, who will not have justice done him, as an author, till he has been dead and buried fifty years, or thereabout, when his bones will be dug up! and his works, if not himself, translated. With very little of the dross and flourish, the glitter and show of mere genius; but with a large quantity of the pure gold of talent, mingled, to be sure, with a reasonable quantity of earthiness, else who but the *unearthly* would ever think of reading him! James K. Paulding, late Secretary of the Navy, in these United States, is doing more for the people now, as a magazine writer, than he ever tried, or wished to do for them, while he was at the head of our naval affairs—and that's a bold word: for he was alike steady, faithful and far-seeing, in that high office, and could he have had his own way, altogether, for a few years longer, our people would have well understood the difference between being "*too late and too early*" in more matters than one. The story he has furnished under that title, is a very good story—though written thirty years ago. The more's the pity! A man who could write in this way thirty years ago, ought to be ashamed of himself for not having written more and better;—And now for the next in order.

The *Hon.* Robert T. Conrad—otherwise called (by the Graham editors, of course) *Judge Conrad.* Of this gentleman as a writer, we happen to know so little, that—faith!—but we are half afraid to say what we think of him. The paper he has furnished, is entitled *Sonnets on the Lord's Prayer*, which are dedicated to the *Rev.* Edmund Neville—for the sake of getting in another title, no doubt. Now, we have a perfect horror of sonnets—and we don't care who knows it. Nevertheless, there are fine passages to be found here—and not a few things, for which the "*honorable judge*" ought to have his fingers rapped. For example: Among the former are,

"And 'tis thy smile, when summer's zephyrs start,
That makes the wavy wheat a sea of gold.
* * * * * *
"Save us from Pleasure, with the heaving breast,
And unbound zone; from Flattery's honeyed tongue;
Avarice with golden palm and icy heart,
Ambition's marble smile and earthy art."

And among the latter, are the following:

——————"Grant thy smile be
My light of life to guide me up to thee."

"*Grant be*" must be a new part of speech from that Philadelphia grammar, we have heard so much of, and still hope to see, after Professor Espy has got through with his plan for tapping the clouds to order. And again—

"Our *Father!* Holiest name, *first, fondest, best.*"

Now *quare de hoc* Judge. As a matter of historical truth is the name of Father, what may be called with anything like reasonable propriety, *first, fondest*, or *best?* In a sonnet, we grant you, a man may go all lengths; but, to apply that very language to a *Father*, which is exactly suited to a *mother*—*first*,—*fondest*—*best*—we say is going a little too far, even for a sonnet—nay, even for a Philadelphia sonnet.

However, inasmuch as the Judge has shown the right feeling in some forty other places, as where he speaks of the "*dripping* bayonet and the *kindling* drum," the "laughing Ethiop" and the "dusk Hindoo"—we have concluded to overlook the remainder of the ten sonnets.

James B. Taylor. A nobody, of course; having no title, nor even a *Squire* to his name. Well, well, he has good notions of poetry; and if he should become greatly distinguished hereafter, depend upon it he will find something hitched to his *Taylor*, and be authorized to print all three of his names at full length. We should like to hear him read the following line, though, aloud to his grandmother—or to anybody else, indeed, whose opinion he cared for:—

"And through each dale renown'd in song,
Like a trumpet blast swept by."

The idea is warlike and stirring; but show us the man able to say, with any organs of speech we are acquainted with, "a trumpet *blast swept by.*" Perhaps the Siamese Twins might read the passage so as to be understood—both reading together now that they are married,—but we cannot imagine the possibility of any *one person* doing it by himself.

Mrs. A. M. F. Annan. Four initials are equivalent, most undoubtedly, to the title of Professor or Squire; and though we happen to have no acquaintance with the fair author of "*The Single Man*," we rejoice to see her standing bravely upon her rights and privileges. A woman of spirit and sagacity—and, withal, a gentlewoman, which all women of spirit are not—is Mrs. Annan; and we shall hope to be better acquainted with her one of these days. The story is well-managed and well-written.

Henry William Herbert—no title—three names at full length. A man of genius, with a strong, determined purpose, and a deep sense of the power of language. We have seen very little of his poetry before, but have met with many a clever prose tale by him, founded on English history. The title we take to be a misnomer—these are not *American* Ballads, though written in America, and upon American subjects—Mr. Herbert, the author, being an Englishman. We wish it were otherwise.

Take a passage describing that man—George Washington—as he sat upon his horse, at midnight, in midwinter, as represented by Sully to his fine picture of the passage of the Delaware, (now in the possession of the great museum-proprietor, Kimball, of Boston, we see)—

"Calm his high and noble port—
Calm his mighty face severe—
None had seen it change with doubt,
None had seen it pale with fear—
And it showed as grandly now
In that wild and perilous hour;
Fraught with wisdom half divine,—
Fraught with more than mortal power.
"Steadily he sat and gazed—
Not a cloud upon his brow,—
Calmer in the banquet-hall
Never had he been than now!
Yet his fate was on the cast—
Life! and fame! and country! all—
Sterner game was never played—
Death or freedom—win or fall!"

N. P. Willis. Three more initials!—A poet, of course. One of the most beautiful writers in our language,—with a more exquisite perception of the aroma—the hue and flavor—the dewpoint—in Poetry, than almost any other we know; wanting only in strength and sincerity, both of which we cannot but hope will re-appear at no very distant day.

P. S. We have just seen the New Mirror for the week; and feel ourselves obliged to add, as a matter of fact, and in simple good faith, that the above was written *before* Mr. Willis would seem to have entered upon the joint editorship of that paper with all his heart and soul; and right glad are we that he has. The New Mirror flits by us now, every sunshiny day, like a purple-winged butterfly, dusted with gold.

William Falconer. A Poet—need we say more? Between ourselves, though, Mr. Falconer, we doubt whether *Sorrow* is a good rhyme for *Aurora*, not even though you pronounce it *oh, roarer*, as most poets do. Still, it may be so, and a man who is capable of writing the stanza below, is entitled to his own opinion, at least, till he knows better.

"Now they advance, now they retire,
Strewing the fresh musk roses;
See how their *anklets shine like fire*,
As round them the morn uncloses:
Their bosoms half veiled by the rosy shawl,
Their arms and their white feet gleaming,
Floating around their Sultana tall,
Known by her queenly seeming."

The Author of A New Home, Forest Life, &c. &c. Mrs. —— Mrs. —— what the plague's her name? —ah—ah—we have it—Mrs. Clavers, hey? or is that only a newspaper name? We hate French, or would write *nom de guerre*, which we suppose to mean pretty much the same thing. Well, whoever she is, and whatever she may be—whether Mrs. Mary Clavers, or Mrs. Mary Clishmaclavers (a very numerous family) the author of this paper, "*An Incident in Dream-Land*," is a woman of real talent, with a strong, original, and very happy cast of mind, great powers of language, and well-trained habits of observation. The little sketch of this month, however, is a trifle not worth mentioning.

Miss Elizabeth Bogart. We have a downright reverence for *Misses* that make poetry, whether good or bad, (the poetry we mean;) but if good, there is no telling how much we revere them. "*The Clouds*" are very well got up.

J. Fennimore Cooper. Another of these with three initials, who, after a long life of unrewarded labor—as *they* think—are journeying slowly by us, and disappearing, one by one, within the great unfathomable Future. After they are dead and buried, though not before, we may hope to understand their true characters, and their true value. Mr. Cooper's first novels—not the very first, but the first after that confounded Precaution of his—led the way to a declaration of independence on the part of our novel writers, which has been followed by a war of twenty years or so, and without having procured for us an acknowledgment of our independence—even by ourselves. How much longer it may continue, God only knows: but long enough, we hope, to set men thinking. To Mr. Cooper we are greatly indebted for the opening of the first campaign, for breaking ground first, and for many a good fight since; and, notwithstanding his faults, and they are neither few nor small, and his follies, which we are disposed to rank next after our own, we are willing henceforth to remember the good, and the good only, of all his doings. The life of *Oliver Hazard Perry* is well written, frank, fearless, faithful, and to the point. We disagree with him in some of his results, touching Commodore Elliott and *his* behaviour; but what of that? He would disagree with us, if he had a chance, and we should be square.

Mrs. L. H. Sigourney. Three more initials—hurrah! Ever since L. E. L. began to flourish in the London Literary Gazette, almost every body you hear of in the land of song, was quite certain to have at least three, and some four initials, to begin the world with; and the moment *Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer* made his bow, at full length, nobody was thought worth reading in kit-kat or profile—nobody worth mentioning unless he had a middle name or two, which had never been heard of before. The thing *took*—and, of course, every body stood for a full length; and even Mr. Cooper, and Henry W. Longfellow, and Colonel Webb, were obliged to take the field, as J. Fennimore Cooper, Henry Wordsworth Longfellow, and James Watson Webb. But never mind! That fashion will soon give way to another, and people will be satisfied to appear on paper, as they do elsewhere, like *Mrs. L. H. Sigourney*, and *Mrs. Ann S. Stephens*, and *Mrs. Frances S. Osgood*, the very next we find upon the list before us.

We don't believe the first of these women—and we use the word *Women*—because we revere them; and because, no matter how much of ladies they may be, it is as *Women* that we best know them, and most love them. Well, then, we don't believe the first of these three women has ever had any thing like justice done her by the people of this country—nor even by the newspapers. By one class, we find her always called the *American* Hemans, just as Irving was called, and is now, for aught we know, the American Goldsmith, or Addison, it matters little which; Cooper, the American Scott, and somebody else we could name, who had never so much as heard of Richter, when he was thought to most resemble him, the American Richter—Jean Paul.

Now, as we don't care a fig for *American* Addisons, or Hemans', while we can get *English*; nor a single straw for *American* Scotts and Richters, while we can get *Scotch* and *German*, we take such language to be any thing but complimentary either to these writers, or to the American people. Copies we don't want—originals we do. Copies at any price, no matter how good they are, destroy our national confidence in ourselves, beget a false and foreign standard of worth, and lead to all sorts of mischief and discouragement. Even the plaster copies of the Laocoon, the Venus of the Apollo, and the everlasting repetition of the Madonna della Seggia, have done more harm than good, to every people among whom they have appeared, by lowering their conceptions, and disappointing their hopes. With literature, it is a thousand times worse. People who are good at copying, are *never* good for any thing else. One might as well hope to learn how to make a poem, by copying poems, as a picture, by copying pictures, and therefore——But let us return to Mrs. Sigourney. Another class, and among these are a multitude of pennyha'peny editors, have undertaken to say, that Mrs. Sigourney is never original—never sublime—nor ever any thing better than a very adroit manager, worker-over, and hasher up of other people's thoughts. We wonder if they have ever read her lines to Niagara—a subject that had been written to death, over and over again, long before Bez meddled with it, as if the bottom had dropped out, while he was lathering himself and looking at it; and he never got over his fright. Observe how she has dealt with the everlasting baptism upon the trees and shores—we forget the language—and we haven't a copy of the poem to refer to, or we could give the whole at length.

Now, we say, that a woman who has the courage to grapple with *such* a subject, must have a mind of her own, and a will of her own, too—faith! And we say, moreover, that she has treated the subject worthily, even the tumbling oceans of the Great Deep yonder, whose tremendous hymning appears to have stunned and stifled the imaginations of the mightiest of those who had gone thither before, without putting off their shoes. Very beautiful, though somewhat *snowy*, and like Mrs. Hemans herself, rather unimpassioned, even where the troubled mysteries of womanhood are all awake—the poetry of Mrs. Sigourney is of a kind that must make a profound impression upon the understanding of the People, whenever they shall become fully sensible of her worth: upon their *hearts* we would say, but—for the fact that no people on earth had ever a heart for what is called poetry. For songs—whether warlike or amorous, for downright frolic and fun, for a short and playful or a short and strong passage, after it has been sounded in their ears, from babyhood to old age, like certain Hebrew poetry from the Bible—they have a relish; but for nothing beyond this; not even the Italian boatmen who rehearse Dante by moonlight; nor the English orators who misquote from a parboiled Shakespeare by lamplight, have the *least feeling* upon the subject, within that "crimson labyrinth" which men have agreed to call a heart—just for the fun of the thing, perhaps.

Mrs. Ann S. Stephens.—Being a regular contributor to the Brother Jonathan, the wife of one of us—we had well nigh said one of our wives—this is rather a dangerous woman to meddle with. But then again—who cares? We have promised to judge of all that come before us, and all that lie in our path, and all that dare to question our authority, without fear or favor. And, if we shrink now, "what *will* Mrs. Grundy say?"—always meaning by Mrs. Grundy, the great gossiping Public. In a word, not having room to say more, we must content ourselves with saying this, that for loftiness, depth, sincerity and sweetness—with strong, womanly passions, to engage the kindlier and more earnest of our feelings, we know of no female writer to be compared with Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the particular department she has devoted herself to—that of historical illustration. She seizes character and represents characters with a distinctness and beauty, which beside being essentially dramatic, is brimful of poetry. And then, too, when she gets down upon her knees among the grass and wild-flowers, to weave blossoming chaplets for all who know how to prize them, she is indeed, and indeed a poet. More we shall not say—till she deserves it. Nor can we stop now to mention her faults. Of course the woman has faults, else were she no woman. Let us take a passage in proof—the first that comes in our way. On page 356—now lying before us—we find the following: "Once more the glowing buds and flowers, which Mary had woven with so many happy thoughts, were kissed by the cold cheek of the dead; again the threaded pearls, and the glossy satin, and the buds that seemed bursting into flowers all over it, gleamed mournfully in the cold wax-light, a painful contrast to the paraphernalia of death that enveloped and overhung it like a cloud."

Very beautiful to be sure; but—'*bud*'—'*bud*'—is rather astray, and '*paraphanalia*' is a very bad, though a very common misapplication of a law term. But enough—we are in no humor for finding fault with her now; and have only to say that Mrs. Ann S. Stephens always writes English; wholesome and hearty, as well as beautiful English; and that we take to be one of the strangest things in our day.

Stay—one thing more—this reminds us that she is not English by *birth*, although her parents were English, and we had always believed her to be so. She was born in this country, and we are glad of it.

Mrs. Frances S. Osgood. Dora's Reward.—Three more initials! We have long looked upon this writer as one of ten thousand, for her delicate sense of the hidden, the mysterious, the pure, and the exquisite. We have seen poetry of her's brimful of playfulness and feeling; prose that breathed strongly of unsubdued passion; and we have prayed earnestly for her that she might not be led into temptation—the temptation of authorship, we mean, for we editors have no idea of any other. By this we mean, not that we wouldn't have Mrs. Frances S. Osgood write, and write often too; but that we would not have her stoop to much writing—to mere authorship. She can do better. Let her keep her wings fresh—her heart fresh—and her feelings fresh—and she will be all the happier and the wiser. By the way, though, one of her leading incidents in the sketch before us will be found in a story, nay, in two stories, "never before published"—or *not yet published*—unless they should appear this very week in the Brother Jonathan and New Mirror. We mention this lest the author of both might be charged with pilfering from Mrs. O. Having seen the manuscript in both cases, we can vouch for the fact that he—or she—has done no such thing, though the resemblances, in good sooth, are sufficiently strange.

Mrs. Seba Smith. Having said our say, long and long ago, of this charming writer, we have only to add here, that good as her sonnet is, we don't like it—chiefly, we dare say, because it happens to be a sonnet.

Robert Morris. A good writer—story itself rather newspaperish.

Mary L. Lawson. Three more initials!—and, of course, we are by no means overpowered to find her writing very decent poetry—kind-hearted, simple, and affectionate.

Review of New Books. Who is he?—rather off handish and spirited.

There! Instead of Graham's Magazine, we have chosen to serve up the *Graham writers.* We have tried our prettiest—and much good may it do them.

The Olio.

Advice to Medical Men.—At length the day before Dr. Hope was to leave his father's house, Mr. Hope invited him to take a walk in the adjoining park of a nobleman. The invitation was accepted. For some time they talked on indifferent subjects. Suddenly Mr. Hope stopped, drew himself erect with an air of great dignity, and, as if preparing for an important speech, said, "Now, James, I shall give you advice that I promised, and if you follow it, you will be sure to succeed in your *profession.*" Many thanks having been given, and due obedience promised, he continued—"First, never keep a patient ill longer than you can possibly help; secondly, never take a fee to which you do not feel yourself to be justly entitled; and, thirdly, always pray for your patients." A short time before his death, Dr. Hope said that these maxims had been the rule of his conduct, and that he could testify to their success.—*Memoirs of Dr. Hope.*

Quick Composition.—It rarely happens that we have to relate so remarkable an instance of expeditious writing, as one which has recently come to our knowledge. Mr. ——, of ——, lately began a novel at sunset. He wrote as if inspired. His thoughts flowed with the most amazing rapidity. His hand hurried over the paper so swiftly, that he himself could not see it move. Before 12 o'clock at night he had completed his work, when he went to bed, and slept soundly till eight, at which hour he committed the manuscript to Mr. ——, the bookseller, who consigned it instantly to the press. Such facility of composition has never been exhibited by any of the Johnsons, Burkes, or Southeys, of the mother country. It is calculated that this gentleman may produce thirty thousand novels every year, being about eight a day, without denying himself any reasonable recreation.

Obliging.—Three sailors were preparing for a shore excursion, when it appeared that one of the trio could not sport appropriate shoes and stockings for such a party. Out of the abundance of the others he was supplied, one furnishing shoes, the other stockings. When they had reached the place of rendezvous for sailors—the hall where music and other etceteras for dancing are provided—it so chanced that the one in borrowed plumes affronted the owner of the shoes he wore. "Come, blast you," cried he, "don't you kick *my* shoes all out on this sandy floor!" "Oh, come, Jack," said the owner of the stockings, interposing, "what did you want to kick up a bloody row and expose him for? Never you mind what he says, Bill—kick his shoes to Madras, and dance in *my stockings* as long as you like!"

Anecdote of Dr. Franklin.—Dr. Franklin says, he dined, on one occasion, with some friends, and that they locked the door and made him drink to excess. In about a month after, the Dr. invited the same party, with whom he then dined, to dine at his own house, and after they had satisfied themselves he ordered in legs of beef and mutton, when they had been in expectation of the wine. They were surprised. They looked at him, and he looked at them. After locking the door on them, he said—"Don't be surprised, gentlemen—when I dined with you, you made me drink, whether I would or not—now I shall make you eat, whether you will or not, too."

Oh, it is a fearful sight to see a young, confiding girl approach the altar with one who loves to linger round the wine-cup. He *may* pass unscathed through the fiery ordeal, and the bright hopes of the bride *may* ripen into fruition. But, fair reader, let not the splendors of wealth, nor the allurements of pleasure, nor the promised triumphs of ambition tempt you to a risk so fraught with danger to all you hold dear. Honest industry, joined with temperance, may crave out a fortune, and all that ambition should covet; but wealth, talents, fame, can never gild the drunkard's home, nor soothe the sorrows of a drunkard's wife.—*S. A. Advocate.*

To Labor no Disgrace.—Those who deem it a disgrace to "work with their hands," should remember that Aikenside, the author of "Pleasures of Imagination," was a butcher until twenty-one, and first took to study from being confined in his room, by the fall of a cleaver; that Marshal Ney was the son of a cooper; that Roger Sherman, Allan Cunningham and Gifford, were shoemakers; that Sir Wm. Herschel was a fifer boy; Franklin, a printer's devil; Ferguson, a shepherd; Ben Johnson, a bricklayer; General Green, a blacksmith; General Morgan, a wagoner; Burns, a plough boy; Bloomfield, a farmer; and Fraser, a stone cutter.

American Definitions.—Progress of time—a peddler going through the land with wooden clocks.

Friend—One who takes your money, and then turns you out of doors.

Honesty—obsolete; a term formerly used in the case of a man who had paid for his newspapers, and the coat on his back.

Credit—a wise provision by which constables get a living.

Benevolence—to take a dollar out of one pocket and put it into the other.

Rigid Justice—a juror in a murder case, fast asleep.

Woman's Superiority.—That woman is the superior of man, *two to one*, is wittily established by a fair correspondent. "Sophia" argues:—

"Why term the fair the 'weaker sex?'
(A foul aspersion, falsely cast!)
Behold, when worldly storms perplex,
How bravely they can bide the blast!
'Lord of creation, lower thy crest!'
Strive as you may—do what you can
Woman, with all her faults confest,
Must still be *double you. O man!*"

Benevolence.—I reverence the man, says the eloquent Dean Kirwan, whose gentle spirit flies out to sooth the mourner, whose ear is attentive to the voice of sorrow; whose pittance is shared among those who are not the world's friends; whose bountiful hand scatters food to the hungry, and raiment to the naked; and whose peaceful steps, as he journeyeth on his way, are blessed again by the uplifted eye of thankful indigence and the sounds of honest gratitude, from the lips of the unfortunate.

Confidence.—There is something very winning and endearing in confidence. Who could take away the life of a bird that fled to his bosom from the pounce of a hawk? Or, who would take advantage of having him in his hand, to deprive the little trembler even of his liberty? Nothing is ever lost by trusting to the ingenuous and noble minded; they always feel a responsibility to repay the confidence reposed in them. What then, may we not expect from the God of all comfort?—*Jay.*

Not Bad.—May is considered an unfortunate marrying month. A country editor, says that a girl was asked last month to unite herself in the silken tie to a brisk chap, who named "May" in his proposals. The lady tenderly hinted that May was an unlucky month for marrying. "Well, make it June, then," hastily replied the swain, anxious to accommodate. The damsel paused a moment, hesitated, cast down her eyes, and said with a blush—"Wouldn't April do as well?"

A Clear Seeing Writer.—Sir William Reed, who *wrote* a book upon optics, could neither read nor write, and when his book was printed, did not know the title page from finis. If some modern authors could not read, their works might have more pretension to originality.

Imitations.—Do you not apprehend that imitations, if they shall have been practised and persevered in from early youth, become established in the habits and nature, in the gestures of the body, and the tones of the voice, and lastly, in the intellect itself?

Shakspeare Improved.—A belligerent wight threatened to kick a dry character who had offended him. "If you undertake it," answered the challenged, "you will find yourself a man *more shinned against than shinning.*"

Hydrophobia.—Charles Lamb, in proscribing tests, whether a dog is mad or not says: "has he bit any of the children yet? If he has have them shot, and keep the dog to ascertain whether it was the hydrophobia."

Married.—In Gettsburgh, Mr. George Mouse to Miss Ann Humor.

The "Picayune" calls this a humorous instance of mouse catching!

When you have an advantage over your enemy, pardon him, in returning thanks to God for that advantage.

The worthiest people are most injured by slanderers; as we usually find the best fruit most pecked by birds.

THE LADIES
NATIONAL MAGAZINE.
OR,
THE ARTIST
AND
LADY'S WORLD
UNITED.

EDITED BY
MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS AND
CHARLES J. PETERSON.

The subscriber, proprietor of "*The Lady's World of Fashion and Literature*," having purchased F. Quarre's "*Artist, a Monthly Lady's Book*," intends uniting the two works on the first of July, 1843, and issuing a magazine which shall employ the literary and artistic skill of both books, and combine their peculiar merits. It will be called

The Ladies' National Magazine,

and will be a home book, at once elegant and instructive. It will unite sprightliness, grace and refinement to solidity and usefulness. In its embellishments, fashions and literature, it will be so complete, and the price at which it will be published will be comparatively so low, that it must speedily become an indispensable requisite to the centre-table of every lady of taste; for no other periodical will be so peculiarly adapted to the sex, or can rival it in

Cheapness, Elegance and Utility.

The peculiar arrangements of the proprietor, which enable him to do this, will now be stated. By the purchase of "*The Artist*," he secures the services of F. Quarre, in the ornamental department of The Ladies' National Magazine; and the time of this artist will hereafter be devoted to designing and executing original embellishments for the new magazine, in a style of unprecedented novelty and beauty. These embellishments will consist of

Embossed and Colored Flowers.

Lace-patterns, embroidery, colored birds, fanciful designs, lithotints, landscapes in relievo, and flowers and pictures printed in color, in exact imitation of nature, an art as yet secret to the world and

Known only by F. Quarre.

No other magazine can have any rivalry with us in the novelty and splendor of these embellishments, whose popularity may be known from the fact that Mr. Quarre, while proprietor of the Artist, could never supply the demands for his peculiar designs, his time being too much occupied with the onerous duties of publisher. With his undivided energies devoted to the pictorial illustration of our work, he may be expected to far outstrip even his former brilliant efforts.

Sartain's Mezzotints.

In order to continue every variety of illustration, we shall furnish also a series of Mr. Sartain's splendid mezzotints. These have proved extensively and permanently popular; and notwithstanding their costliness we shall continue to use them. We shall, therefore, in addition to Mr. Quarre's embellishments, publish, in every number a mezzotint or

Line or Stipple Engraving,

executed on steel by Gimbrede, Dick, Jackman, Welsh & Walter, and others of the first artists in the country. Nor is this all. Each month, a plate of the

Latest Parisian Fashions,

handsomely colored, will be given. In this department there will be no deception. Arrangements have been entered into, by which Madame Quarre will obtain the fashions in advance from London and Paris. On the arrival of the designs in this country, they will be immediately published; and in order to insure speed in this department, the time of publication will be from the 15th to the 20th of the month preceding the one for which the number is dated. We shall maintain the supremacy on this point, which was gained by *The Lady's World of Fashion*, and which made it every where, in matters of fashion,

The Standard Authority.

We come now to the literary department. This will be under the control of Mrs. Ann S. Stephens and Charles J. Peterson, assisted by the first writers of both sexes, in the country. We wish it distinctly understood that we shall publish only

Original Articles,

And that no subscriber who takes our work for the sake of its contributors, will be deceived with old tales and poems which first met her or his eye years before. The aim of the editors will be to make the work *peculiarly* a lady's book; and accordingly, all the first female writers of the country will add to its interest by their graceful, and instructive pens. A few of these contributors we name.

MRS LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY,
MRS ANN S. STEPHENS,
MRS. A. M. F. ANNAN,
MRS. FRANCES S. OSGOOD,
MRS. CAROLINE F. ORNE,
MRS LYDIA J. PIERSON,
MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY,
MRS. ARMELIA B. WELBY,
MRS. SEBA SMITH,
MRS. M. L. LAWSON,
MISS ELLEN ASHTON.

The tone of the work will be studiously refined, and the tales, without discarding romance altogether, will be generally of a practical and instructive cast, so that it will be a work peculiarly fitted for the ladies' centre or work-table, as well as for the boudoir. The character of the articles will be *studiously national.* Everything new and interesting to the sex, as well as everything of moment in literature, will appear in our pages.

THE TERMS.

In order to place this work at once in the hands of every American lady, it will be published at the unexampled low price of TWO DOLLARS, cash in advance, being a deduction of one-third from the usual magazine price. Only a vast circulation for the book, combined with a *rigid adherence to the cash system*, will enable the proprietor to afford it at this price.

Inducements to Clubs.

As friends and neighbors in the country, may wish to club together for copies, we offer the following unparalleled inducements, which, considering the character of the book, have never been equalled. The money must be sent in current funds

For $5 00 - - - *three copies.*
" $10 00 - - - *eight copies.*

To Postmasters and Others.

And to repay Postmasters and others for the trouble of getting up clubs, as well as to enable persons to procure copies of popular and standard works *gratis*, we offer the following.

Premiums.

For a club of eight, we will send a copy of "The Gems of Art and Beauty," a splendid pictorial work with twelve steel and mezzotint engravings, just published by W. H. Graham.

For a club of three, we will send "The Wives of England," by Mrs. Ellis, or "The Last of the Barons," by Bulwer, or "Forest Life," by James, or either of the following original American novels: "The Western Captive," by Mrs. Seba Smith, "Fany Dale," or "Bell Martin," by Arthur, or any other new novel.

For FOUR DOLLARS, we will send *two copies* of the Book, and *one copy* of the "Gems of Art and Beauty."

For SIX DOLLARS, we will send *three copies* of the Book, and *two copies* of the "Gems of Art and Beauty."

For TWENTY DOLLARS, we will send *sixteen copies* of the Book, and *one copy* of the "Gems of Art and Beauty," and a Popular Novel.

Editors who will copy this prospectus and send a paper containing it, to *The United States Saturday Post*, marked, shall receive the work for one year.

CHARLES J. PETERSON,
No. 98 Chesnut street, Philadelphia.

THE UNITED STATES JOB PRINTING office, Ledger Building, Southwest corner of THIRD and CHESNUT streets, Philadelphia, is supplied with the most extensive and valuable variety of all kinds of

JOB TYPE, MACHINE PRESSES, AND PRINTING MATERIALS GENERALLY

Which could be selected in this country, and it is prepared to execute all orders for

FINE LETTER PRESS PRINTING,

OF EVERY VARIETY, SUCH AS

BOOKS, PAMPHLETS, HANDBILLS, BILLS OF LADING, BILL HEADS, BANK CHECKS, CIRCULARS, CARDS, POLICIES, BLANKS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, RAIL ROAD, STAGE AND STEAMBOAT BILLS OF EVERY VARIETY, WITH APPROPRIATE ENGRAVINGS, etc. etc. etc.

There is constantly adding to its store, at whatever expense, all the specimens and beauties of the

AMERICAN FOUNDRIES

and no pains is spared to please, both in quality and price all who may favor it with their orders.

THE TERMS ARE CASH.

And a distinctive feature in its mode of doing business, which is the only ground upon which it expects to be favored, is, that of studying the interest of the customer. From the superiority of their materials, and their improved facilities in machines, power presses, &c., they are confident of their ability to execute printing of every kind quicker, neater and cheaper, than it can be done at any other establishment in the country. Orders from every part of the Union promptly fulfilled.

Dickson's Improved Rotary Card Press having been added to the office, is now in active operation. Cards and Letter sheet Jobs can therefore be thrown off at the rate of THOUSANDS OF IMPRESSIONS PER HOUR.

Office, S. W. corner of THIRD and CHESNUT Streets, Philadelphia. my 13 1m

THE NOBILITY OF ENGLAND USE SHERMAN'S TOOTH PASTE.—Over 2500 pots are sold every month. The doctor defies all the world to make so good a dentifrice. It cleans and whitens the Teeth, keeps them from aching and decay, hardens the gums and sweetens the breath.

The Sultan of Muscat has recommended Sherman's Lozenges to his subjects as the pleasantest and best medicine in use.

The Rev. Mr. Dunbar, of the McDougall Street Church, recommended them to his congregation. The Cough Lozenges cured him of a very bad cough in a few hours.

Mr. Edward Phalon, the celebrated hair dresser, No. 214 Broadway, has known Sherman's Camphor Lozenges cure dozens of persons of sea sickness in a few minutes. They are a perfect preventive and remedy for headache, palpitation, lowness of spirits, despondency, etc.

Daniel M. Frye, Esq., clerk in the Upper Police Office, has used Sherman's Lozenges in his family for four years with the greatest benefit; never failing to cure the worst cases of coughs, colds, headache, worms, etc.

Jim Grant, State barber, No. 4 Ann street, has found more benefit from Sherman's Lozenges than any thing else. He has known more than fifty of his friends who have been cured of coughs or headaches by them. He thinks they are the greatest medicine in the world.

The Rev. Mr. Dow, Jr., says Sherman's Worm Lozenges are a wonderful medicine. They have saved the lives of several of his children, when all other means failed. They are in fact the universal Worm Destroying Medicine of the age. He has also found Sherman's Poor Man's Plaster a sure remedy. Any lady can be cured by it, no matter how her nipples are, without taking the child from the breast. Warehouse, 106 NASSAU street, New York, and No. 3 Chesnut Street, one door below Third, Philadelphia, Daniel Robinson, Harrisburg, Gish & Platter, Lancaster, J. Y. Lambert, Reading, W. B. Reeder, Washington, D. C., J. A. Reed, Baltimore. may 27-4t

STORMS AND FLOODS. If, during the continuance of storms and Floods, the channels of OUR MIGHTY RIVERS become so obstructed as to afford an insufficient outlet for the superabundant waters, we can expect nothing less than that the surrounding country will be OVERWHELMED WITH THE FLOOD. In like manner with the human body—if the Skin, Kidneys and Bowels, (the natural outlets for USELESS AND CORRUPT HUMORS) become so obstructed as to fail in affording a full discharge of those impurities which are in all cases THE CAUSE OF SICKNESS; we surely can expect no other results than that the whole frame will sooner or later be OVERWHELMED WITH DISEASE. As in the first place, if we would prevent an inundation we must remove all obstructions, in order that there may be no hindrance to the free discharge of the superabundant waters. So, in the second place, if we would prevent and cure disease, we must open and keep open, all the Natural Drains of the body.

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS, OF THE NORTH AMERICAN COLLEGE OF HEALTH, will be found one of the best if not the very BEST MEDICINE IN THE WORLD for carrying out this beautiful and simple theory; because they completely CLEANSE THE STOMACH & BOWELS FROM ALL BILIOUS HUMORS, and other impurity, and at the same time promote a healthy discharge from the Lungs, Skin, and Kidneys; consequently, as all the natural drains are opened, DISEASE OF EVERY NAME IS LITERALLY DRIVEN FROM THE BODY.

The following letters which have been received from gentlemen of the highest respectability will show conclusively that Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are a most VALLUABLE MEDICINE, and their fame is rapidly extending to every part of the Union.

Extract of a letter from Lawrenceville, Monroe Co., ARKANSAS.

Lawrenceville, Monroe Co., Arkansas, Dec. 10, 1842.

Doct. Wm. Wright—Dear Sir—Having become acquainted with your most excellent PILLS (via INDIAN VEGETABLE) by experience, I take the liberty to write to you on the present occasion by way of suggesting the propriety of being constituted Agent for this State to dispose of them.

In 1841 I was prostrated with the congestive fever in East Florida, and often having been ill with the first attack and a severe relapse, I was necessitated to repair to New York for the recovery of my health, being much debilitated I tried different Physicians and as many medicines, but all to no purpose, I found my liver much affected and Dyspepsia setting in with its worst form; I began to think my case was hopeless. I concluded to resort to travelling; accordingly I left the city of Albany, New York, for Cincinnati, Ohio. On my way through New York State, I chanced to come across one of your Agents at Newark on the Erie Canal; I read one of your advertisements, purchased a box of Pills, and TO MY UTTER ASTONISHMENT FOUND MYSELF partially RECOVERED; on my arrival at Buffalo I purchased some more of your Agent there,—at Cleaveland, Ohio, visited your Agent, the dry good merchant—talked with him and took several boxes. *I soon found myself a well man, and concluded to return to my profession, etc. A Travelling Methodist Preacher.*

I accordingly came on to Pt. Louis, and from there to Helena, Arkansas, where I joined the Arkansas Conference and assigned to Lawrenceville Mission on St. Francis and White Rivers, near the mouths of the same.

Very respectfully,
Your obedient servant, W. H. Hotts.

Tanner's Brook, N. J., Sept. 3d, 1841.

Doctor Wm. Wright—Dear Sir—Your travelling agent was here, a short time since, and left with me two dozen boxes of your INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS, which I have already sold although they had never been introduced in our neighborhood before. I at first prevailed on a friend of mine, who had been afflicted with the Dyspepsia and Rheumatism in the head, for the last two years, to make trial of them. He had previously tried various medicines, but never obtained any relief until he made use of your Indian Vegetable Pills. After using one box, he said he felt like a new man, and now, having used two more boxes, he considers himself a SOUND MAN.

Yours respectfully, &c. J. Ingersoll.

Frankfort, Ross Co., Ohio, Aug. 13, 1842.

Dear Sir—The Pills that I purchased of you last April have sold far better than I anticipated. I think by the time I visit your city again which will be in a few months, I will have sold out entirely. They have not only effected cures in diseases that seemed to baffle the best medical skill in the country, but numerous individuals here bless the day that the undersigned introduced Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills into the neighborhood. I can get, if you think it necessary, several very valuable certificates of cures. One old lady in particular, who has been afflicted several years with consumption, commenced taking the Pills a short time since, and is now nearly restored to health. Several cases of Dyspepsia, have also been entirely cured by your TRULY EXCELLENT INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS.

In order to give them a more general circulation and thereby extend their usefulness, I have made arrangements with a gentleman in a neighboring town, who has promised to use his best efforts to promote their sale. You will therefore please send another supply, shipped to my address Chillicothe, care of Mr. Dixon Fullerton.

Faithfully, yours, W. J. F. Daily.
To Wm. Wright, V. P. of the N. A. Coll. of Health.

N. B.—The original letters from which the above has been copied, together with others of a similar character, may be seen by calling at the office and general depot, No. 169 RACE street. Those who honestly entertain any doubts as to the wonderful goodness of this singular medicine, are earnestly invited to come and read for themselves.

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS.

As the great popularity and consequent great demand for Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills has raised up a host of counterfeiters, country agents and storekeepers will be on their guard against the many impostors who are travelling about the country selling to the unsuspecting a spurious article for the genuine.

It should be remembered that all the authorized agents are provided with a CERTIFICATE OF AGENCY, signed by William Wright, Vice President of the N. A. College of Health. Consequently, those who offer Indian Vegetable Pills and cannot show a certificate as above described, will be known as impostors.

The public are respectfully informed that medicine purporting to be Indian Pills made by one V. O. Falck, are not the genuine Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills.

The only security against imposition is to purchase from the regular advertised agents, and in all cases be particular to ask for *Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills.*

N. B.—The genuine medicine can with certainty be obtained from Mr. J. W. Kingler, grocer, Reading, Pa., and also at the offices devoted exclusively to the sale of the medicine, No. 169 RACE STREET, PHILA.; No. 288 Greenwich street, New York and No. 198 Tremont street, Boston. Also for sale by the Rev. Isaac P. Cook, No. 52 Baltimore street, Baltimore.

☞ *Remember, none are genuine except Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills.* ap 29 3m

SOUTHERN AND WESTERN MERCHANTS, when coming on to Philadelphia to lay in their stock of Spring and Summer Goods, will bear in mind that they can procure, as heretofore, all kinds of Handbills, Storebills, Cards, Circulars and other Printing executed in the most showy and beautiful style, in black or colors, plain or fancy, at the shortest notice, at the UNITED STATES JOB PRINTING OFFICE, *Ledger Building, South West corner of Third and Chesnut Streets.* No business is done at this office but for cash. By its rigid adherence to this rule, together with its extensive steam machinery, superior facilities and choice workmen, this establishment can afford to its customers richer and more beautiful printing at cheaper prices than can be afforded at any printing establishment in the country. *The United States Job Printing Office* therefore, upon the only true principle of business, appeals only to the self interest of any one in soliciting his custom.

T. J. McLAIN, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Warren, Ohio.—Will attend to all business, in the line of his profession, in the county of Trumbull, or in any other county in North Eastern Ohio which may be entrusted to his care. ap 15 3m
Office at the Post Office.

THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST may be obtained, weekly, at REDDING & CO'S Periodical Depot, No. 8 STATE STREET, BOSTON.

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MOORE, HEYL & CO.
179 MARKET STREET,
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KEEP constantly on hand a large assortment of Foreign and Domestic Hardware and Cutlery suitable for country sales, for which they will receive orders or sell cheap for cash or approved credit, and solicit an examination of their stock by purchasers visiting the city.

MARMADUKE MOORE,
THEODORE C. HEYL,
FRANCIS HEYL.
mar 11 eow 6m*

PAPER HANGINGS VERY CHEAP.

THE attention of those who intend having Papering done during the season, is very respectfully invited to the large selection of of Paper Hangings, Borders, Fire Board Figures, etc. etc., now on hand by the subscriber, which he offers for sale at prices very low for cash. Included in the above assortment is a large variety of the richest style French, with every other style of satin, Parlor Papers, gay and plain; the latest style column and other papers for halls, Staircases, etc. Dining Room and Chamber Papers of every variety and quality. Wholesale dealers and others will find it to their advantage to call.

N. B. Paper Hangers whose work will be warranted; and sent to any part of the country at the lowest possible prices.

JOHN FINN.
No. 173 Chesnut street, North side, above 5th street, opposite the State House. mar 4 3m

STOCKTON'S ESTABLISHMENT
FOR THE SALE OF
INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH,
DENTAL INSTRUMENTS, GOLD FOIL, etc. etc. etc.

Second floor of the Ledger Buildings, South-West corner of Third and Chesnut street, Philada. and at 343 Broadway, New York, opposite the Park.

S. W. STOCKTON respectfully notifies the Dental Profession and Druggists, that he has now on hand a new and general assortment of very superior Plate, Pivot, Molar, Bicuspids and Gum Incorruptible Teeth, wholesale and retail, equal to any he has hitherto manufactured, together with almost every description of Dental Instruments now in use, comprising Pearl, Gold Mounted Mirrors, Scissors, Keys, Mouth Glasses, Drill Bows, etc. etc. Pearl, Agate and Ivory, Gold and Silver Mounted Instruments, for all necessary purposes, of all qualities. Gold and Silver Plate and Wire. Boxes of Assays and Jones's Gold and Tin Foil. Lathes, Emory wheels (a first rate article for grinding teeth). Dental Files of various descriptions. Compressed Hickory Pivots, Tooth Powders, Enamels, etc. The above articles may be had at the most reasonable prices.

P. S. Particular attention will be given to select teeth according to order. dec 21-6m

P. S. Dental Cases carefully put up to order.

All cash orders will meet with prompt attention.

N. B. *Dentists are cautioned against unprincipled persons who sell as my manufacture, teeth of their own production.*

LAW NOTICE.—THE LEGAL BUSINESS of the subscribers in all the Courts—except the Criminal—will hereafter be transacted in the joint names of JOHNSON & GREEN.

Office, No. 61 SOUTH SIXTH street, opposite the Court House.

OVID F. JOHNSON,
ASHBEL GREEN, Jr.

A. G. Jr. has removed his Office, as *New Jersey Commissioner*, from No. 87 Walnut street, to the above. dec 10

LEATHER STORE, No. 61 CHESNUT St. The subscribers have constantly on hand a general assortment of FINISHED LEATHER, suitable for Boot and Shoe Makers, Coach and Harness Makers, Saddlers, Book Binders, Hatters, &c.

ALSO—Sole Leather, red and oak tanned.
nov 19 1y CHAMBERS & HENDRY

GIHON'S BOOK BINDERY, No. 98 CHESNUT street above Third, over the office of Graham's Magazine, Philadelphia.

Books will be bound at this establishment in any manner that may be desired, from the plainest to the most elegant style viz.

Silk Velvet, Satin or Silk Binding, with Gold, Silver, or Plated Bands, Ornaments and Clasps, and Silver or Gilt Edges. | Calf, Turkey Morocco, and Morocco, Plain or Extra, Sheep, Roan, and Cloth, either full or half binding.

Particular attention will be given to the Binding or re-binding the Books of Public or Private Libraries. Works of Engravings, Periodicals, Albums, Books for Presents, and every other variety of Job Work.

Books sent directed to J. L. Gihon to the care of G. R. Graham & Co. will be promptly attended to. Prices moderate. TERMS CASH. july 1842